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NEW MASSES

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WHAT ABOUT THE NEGRO VOTE?

by Benjamin J. Davis, Jr.

DEWEY'S DOUBLE GAME

by The Editors

OUTLOOK FOR GREECE

by Demetrios Christophorides

ELBERT THOMAS: SCHOLAR AS SENATOR

by Joseph North

THE ABC OF POLIO

by Dr. Alfred Blazer

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *Judging the War Criminals II, by A. N. Trainin; I Like the British, by Staff Sergeant Hugo Beiswenger; The Noose Draws Tighter, by Colonel T.; Colonel McCosmic's WGN, by Tom Clayton; Two Poets, by Aaron Kramer*

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

REP. HAM FISH of New York has turned poet. The other day, on the floor of the House, the Congressman made a speech full of fiery verse and fervent Red-baiting against Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, Sidney Hillman, and the American Labor Party of New York. Following his tirade, Mr. Fish demonstrated his dubious ability as a bard. We quote (in very small part):

American Labor Party, here we are,
Browder, Hillman, and FDR;
We've come to give you the government's keys,
And I'm their spokesman, Harold Ickes.

Fellow Communists, we have got the tin,
And are all out to do Tom Dewey in:
We'll dish it out against Curran and Fish,
For we are the united Communists.

One newspaper interested enough to give space to Representative Fish's creativeness was the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. Lawrence Burd, of their Press Service, loyally reported the incident from Washington, in a twelve-and-a-half-inch story. What fascinated us was Mr. Burd's concluding paragraph. So anxious was he to aid Mr. Fish and his readers that he wrote enthusiastically, by way of explanation:

"The Curran mentioned in the second stanza of the verse is Joseph Curran, head of the Communist-infested CIO National Maritime Union."

That's good; glib writing, Mr. Burd, but we think if you reread the "second stanza" you will see that the Curran referred to is a Republican politician—Mr. Thomas J., a prominent Dewey man who is running for Republican Senator in New York. Or is it possible you're not so well informed about New York politics?

ASSOCIATED American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, have opened an interesting exhibit to celebrate their tenth anniversary. They have chosen forty painters and two sculptors who are regularly shown at the gallery, with the idea of demonstrating the changes in American art in roughly a quarter of a century. Two examples of each artist's work are hung side by side—one recent (this year or last); the other, early. Among the paintings shown are Bill Gropper's—the first, "Tiflis," done in the Soviet Union in 1927, and "The Upper House," a satire on Congress done this year. Incidentally, if you'll notice the back cover this week, and if you haven't yet got a Gropper lithograph, there's still time—if you hurry.

IT MAY be widespread by now—probably is—but we think it's worth repeating and hope it catches on. Our choice of the election cracks about Mr. Dewey is Alice Roosevelt Longworth's: "Who wants to vote for a man who looks like a bridegroom on a wedding cake?"

NM JUST completed its eighth annual post-Labor Day weekend, and hearsay has it that everybody enjoyed the clambake, as usual. There were about seventy people at Chester's Zunbarg, all of whom took part in a long and lively discussion led by Joe Foster, our movie critic, on "Hollywood and Its Changing Aspects." There were other activities, too, and the next thing you know it'll be Labor Day again, so if you missed this year, don't let it bother you.

AS PART of NM's series on the postwar outlook for various professions, we will soon publish an article on scientists by Dr. Harry Grundfest, secretary of the American Association of Scientific Workers, and one on physicians by Edward Earle Starr.

WE NOTE with no warmth P. G. ("Jeeves") Wodehouse's statement in Paris that though he may have seemed a collaborationist because of his talk over the Nazi radio from Paris in 1941, he was innocent. He's an author, and, according to him, "I suppose all authors must be half-witted." He only wanted to tell his American admirers about life in a German internment camp. No coercion on the part of the fascists is hinted, and he now wants to return to England to explain to his fellow countrymen.

Perhaps the sinking ship is deserting the rats.

M. DE A.

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NEW MASSES

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WHAT ABOUT THE NEGRO VOTE?

By BENJAMIN J. DAVIS, JR.

THIS historic election year of 1944 has brought forth a new phenomenon: the emergence of Negro rights as a national issue to a high point not reached since the Civil War. It's in the air, so to speak—in the major newspapers, in political discussions, in life itself—and no major candidate can afford to ignore it.

The Negro issue was a principal one at the Republican national convention and the high command of that party was compelled to go further, in words, than ever before. Even more significant is the fact that it was a main issue at the Democratic national convention. For in recent years few people have expected anything very favorable in this regard from the Democratic convention, so long had the white supremacy, poll tax wing of that party been unchallenged in its control of the national machine.

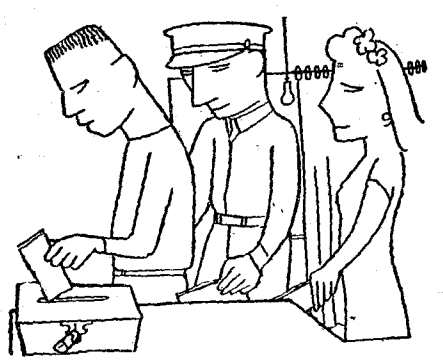
But this year the Negro people, labor, and progressive forces expected a great deal from the Democratic national convention on the issue of racial equality. And this well-founded expectancy could only mean that the progressive forces within the nation, under the leadership of President Roosevelt, had reached such a strong position as to give hope even in the Democratic party where none had existed for a score or more years, even though that hope did not arrive at complete fruition in the convention. If this total picture is viewed in a non-partisan fashion, the conclusion is inescapable that the fight for Negro rights is on an ascending scale, that the American people (and not just the Negroes and their advanced white supporters) are beginning to face this issue, and facing the issue is the pre-condition to its correct solution.

Four principal factors, in my opinion, have contributed to the total picture. First is the character of the war as a people's liberation war against fascist barbarism, and the fact that it has necessarily released the democratic currents of mankind, not only on an international scale but within our own country. Second is the initiative and responsibility of a constantly growing labor movement, particularly its most advanced section represented by the CIO, in the fight for Negro rights. Third, the militancy and maturity of the Negro people show up, not only on so-called direct Negro issues but on all issues affecting the nation as a whole, particularly the struggle for victory and a durable peace. Finally, there is the leadership of President Roosevelt, who symbolizes in a non-partisan manner the national unity of the most democratic sections of all classes of people, for victory and the perspective of Teheran.

The absence of any one of these four factors could change the picture—and negatively. Certainly, unless we win the war as speedily as possible and win the peace, the other three factors will be negated, and the present prospects for ending Jim Crow, anti-Semitism and all other types of racial discrimination in America would be placed in eclipse.

This election therefore for the Negro people is just what it is for the rest of the nation, one in which the Negro's fate is, by life itself, integrated into all issues, the winning of the war and the peace, which are facing the nation as a whole. That is as it should be.

IT IS upon this background and in the light of the significant gains for Negro rights in the last years, that the choice of presidential candidates and policies ought to be made. The issue is, how can the cause of Negro rights be advanced? It is not, which party label should I support? The test is men and issues—not Republican or Democrat labels. There are Willkie Republicans and Hoover-Dewey Republicans, Roosevelt Democrats and Rankin Democrats. Men and issues cut across party lines—for the closest political affinity in Washington has been between Taft Republicans and poll tax, white supremacy Democrats—their common meeting ground being hatred of President Roosevelt and sabotage of his progressive policies. The main struggle between progress and reaction on the political arena today is not between the two parties, but within them—and the enormous significance of this situation has been most profoundly discussed in Earl Browder's *Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace*.



Bernarda Bryson, from CIO-PAC pamphlet, "The People's Program for 1944."

Experience shows that the Republican plank on Negro rights is sheer demagogy and the Hooverites retained control at the Republican convention—a control now exerted through Dewey and Bricker. The Democratic platform is inadequate, although the re-nomination of the President and other events at the Democratic national convention, including the selection of the pro-Roosevelt Truman over a Southern poll taxer represents a major defeat for the poll taxers, who are more active than ever in trying to save their besieged white supremacy system.

Roosevelt the man and his policies are the issue for both Republicans and Democrats. If in all states, except New York where the American Labor Party has nominated Roosevelt and Truman, people have to vote the Democratic ticket to cast their ballot for the President, it is because there is no other way to reelect him. Republicans should place responsibility for this provocative partisan situation upon that vindictive and repudiated fugitive from a political boneyard, Herbert Hoover, and upon Thomas E. Dewey, Hoover's protege, who places his insatiable ambition to be President above the interest of the nation.

The presidential elections pose the

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possibility that the reelection of President Roosevelt, the present most decisive factor in the continued advancement of Negro rights, may not come to pass. That, I submit, would be disaster for the nation, and especially for Negro rights. This is not to say that there aren't unsolved grievances of the Negro people—the question of the armed forces and universal suffrage, to give two major examples—or that other grievances have been satisfactorily solved under the Roosevelt administration. But the President symbolizes that current and national unity of forces through which these grievances will be solved, and under which a serious beginning has been made. During his administration the most favorable national conditions since the Civil War have existed for achieving their solution, which can only be the end of the Jim Crow system.

The excursions of Dewey, Bricker, Brownell, and Hoover into divisive Red-baiting and CIO-baiting is the first step toward destroying that national unity of the democratic forces through which the FEPC and other Negro gains have been made—and through which the full citizenship of the Negro is to be won. The Negro is the age-old victim of disunity, and needs unity for the realization of his just demands.

It is true then that not only would the election of Hoover's ticket be a grave setback to Negro rights, to put it mildly; but conversely, the reelection of President Roosevelt at a time when our country must choose between two roads, opens up wider for the next four years the opportunities of unparalleled achievement in the realization of full democracy for all Americans, irrespective of race, color, or creed.

The Republican high command and its would-be presidential team are past masters at confusion, and no doubt this is as much a cause of wonderment, anger, and embarrassment to Republican voters as to all others, as seen from the grand slam of the pro-Roosevelt people's champions, Rep. Vito Marcantonio and Rev. A. Clayton Powell, Jr., last August 1, in all primaries. Evidently the GOP strategists feel that the extensive words placed in the platform on Negro rights —although empty as we shall see—are sufficient to satisfy the Negro's demands even if the rest of the nation goes to pot. Hoover and his boy-wonder Dewey at Chicago virtually repudiated Teheran, sowed hostility and suspicion toward the Soviet Union—the one country where all racial discrimination is a crime—set a course of unbridled imperialist domination for America, and projected an economy of apple selling for Americans.

NEGRO Americans know that in a prosperous democratic America alone can their prosperity and full democratic liberties come about; and they are mature enough to know that if the rest of the nation is thrown into apple selling, if Teheran is repudiated for America, they too suffer, and a little worse than their fellow white Americans. Thus it is as vital to Negro Americans which course this country chooses in foreign policy as it is to any other American. Those who assume otherwise are insulting and patronizing the intelligence and patriotism of the Negro people.

While planks on Negro rights are essential—if they're carried out—what is equally as important, if not more, is to keep the nation on a course domestically and in its international relations where the full citizenship of the Negro becomes a national and imperative necessity for the nation as a whole. It is on that course today. Hoover's Dewey would like to take the nation off that course (a fact well driven home in a best-seller pamphlet by Sender Garlin, *Is Dewey the Man?*). Consequently, the appeal of the Republican general staff to the Negro is an attempt to get the Negro to serve as special assistant in the gigantic political and economic villainy which the Republican chieftains would inflict upon the Negroes themselves, upon America and upon the world.

The Republican brain-trusters know that neither the Negro people, nor any other section of the population, has any desire to become accomplices to its own political and economic downfall. It is for that reason that we're being treated with Republican confusion thrice confounded, where Sidney Hillman, the PAC, the Communists, the nebulous "area of agreement" recently discovered by Dewey and various other false issues are sprung upon the electorate by the Republican campaign leaders. But the real issue—namely winning the war, and winning a peace of freedom, equality, security and prosperity for every citizen, is avoided.

Several domestic war and postwar measures essential to the general welfare of the nation, and obviously vital to the Negro people have been under consideration in Washington and it is revealing to note the record on them. First, on the President's GI soldiers' vote bill—the Scott-Lucas measure—the Republicans joined forces with the poll tax Democrats to kill it, which means that the Negroes—and many whites—from the "white primary," poll tax states will not vote in the presidential elections. In New York State, Governor Dewey has revealed his political colors by using the state constitution, which the Negro and white soldiers from New York are dying to uphold, to keep some 500,000 of them from casting their vote. Instead of working to abolish the restrictions of poll tax methods, Dewey has introduced them in the most liberal state in the union, where there is no sentiment for such a Rankin innovation upon our electoral system.

Secondly, the Republicans combined again with the states' righters from the poll tax states to defeat the Kilgore-Murray-Truman reconversion and full employment bill in the Senate, an act which was an invitation to another Hoover depression, which, above all things, we must prevent in the postwar period. This hit the workers of the country very hard, particularly the Negro workers, who still find employers that fire them first and hire them last. Full employment is the major issue for ninety-nine percent of the Negro people. But I'm sure Senator Taft, who voted against the Kilgore bill, would attempt to argue away his patent culpability among Negroes by blandly referring them to the elaborate phraseology of the Republican plank on Negro rights.

After the Republicans, together with the poll taxers in the Senate refused to vote for cloture on the Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill, their proposal of a constitutional amendment to abolish the poll tax—which could take fifty years to enact—becomes a worthless vote-snaring maneuver. Every four years the Republicans make effusive promises regarding anti-lynching legislation—and then stand by cooperatively in the Senate while the southern poll tax Democrats talk the bill to death. Two proposals, however, are worth serious examination, the one calling for a permanent FEPC —the only one which makes sense—and the other to "investigate" the armed forces with respect to racial discrimination.

In the recent Philadelphia anti-Roosevelt conspiracy, where 5,000 transit employes were misled from their work, because the War Manpower Commission and the FEPC had ordered the upgrading of eight Negro workers, it was time for all good friends of the FEPC to come to its aid. The FEPC faced its sternest test. If it had failed then, it was done for—because it would have

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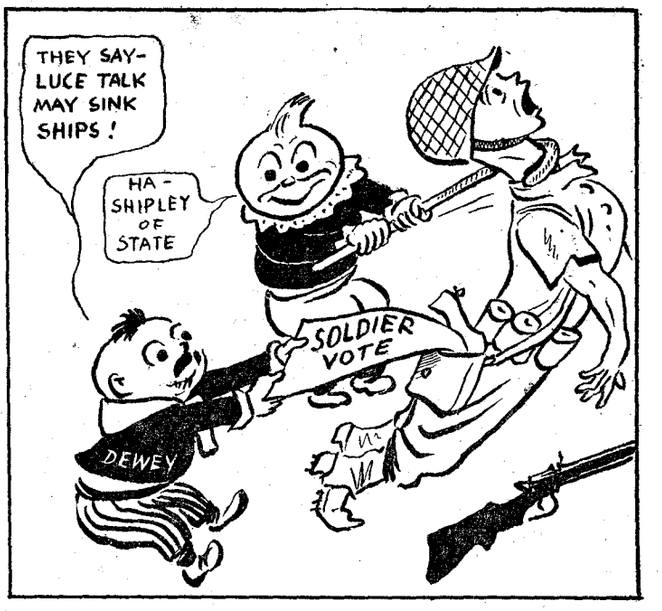

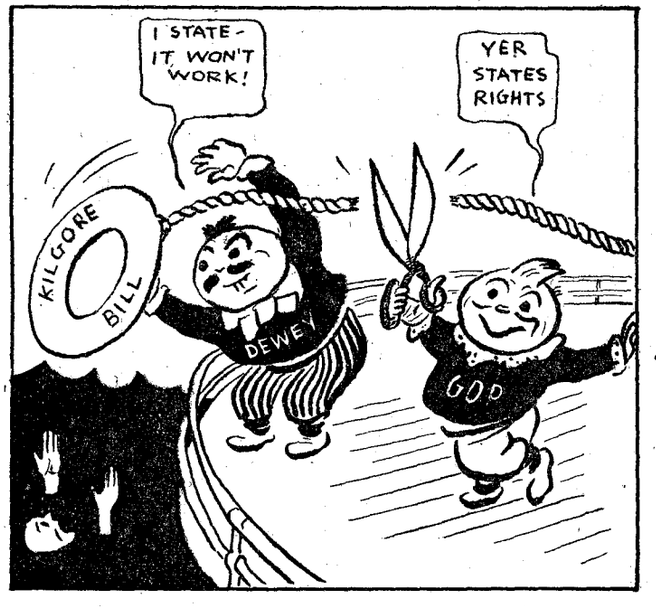

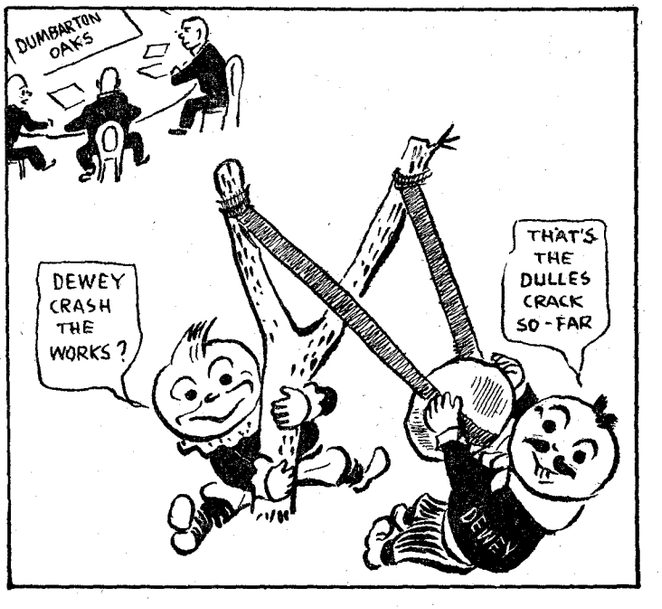

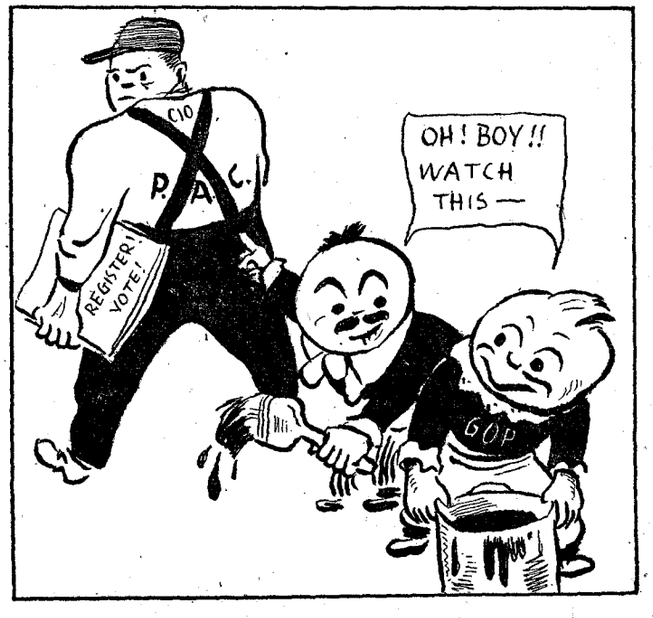

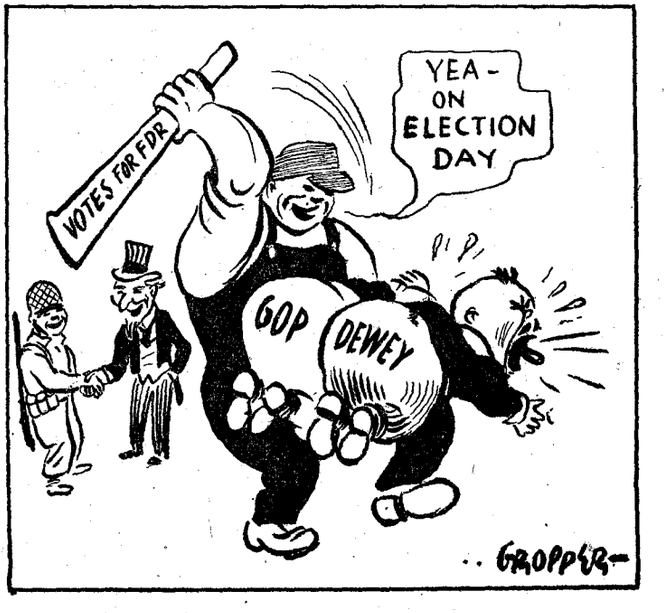

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been obvious that it could not enforce its decrees. Its usefulness to the war effort would have been destroyed. Certainly if the Republican high command was in favor of a permanent FEPC it should have supported the lesser proposal of a temporary FEPC in the Philadelphia situation.

Where, then, were Mr. Dewey and Mr. Bricker—why did they not speak out in favor of the Republican FEPC plank? Further, where were Republican Gov. Edward Martin of Pennsylvania or Republican Mayor Bernard Samuel of Philadelphia? Although the Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats in Congress were quick with an inquisition into the President's necessary seizure of the pro-fascist Sewell Avery's Montgomery Ward plant, they were wholly unconcerned about a piece of sabotage in Philadelphia, which endangered the war effort, flouted the very objectives of the war, and challenged the explicit words of their own platform upon which the ink was not dry. Then what confidence can be placed in any florid promises of the Republican platform?

President Roosevelt, however, although the Democratic platform contains no specific words on the FEPC, moved into the situation, and for the first time since the Civil War, when again national unity was at stake and the compulsions of military necessity were paramount, used the armed forces to uphold the constitutional rights of Negro citizens. It is obvious then that Negro Republicans who feel pride in the FEPC plank of the Republican platform have been compelled by life itself to look to the President for its fulfillment. But not to Mr. Dewey.

In New York State Mr. Dewey appointed an interracial commission to devise proposals against racial discrimination in this state. When it offered an admittedly excellent bill, sponsored by State Senator Wicks, a Republican, Mr. Dewey publicly killed the bill, thus repudiating his own commission which made the mistake of taking him seriously. Plainly Mr. Dewey was angling for support from the poll tax machines in the South, whose ante-bellum "states' rights" principles he embraces and would foist upon the whole country.

Dr. Channing Tobias, a member of the commission and a respected life-long Republican, promptly resigned in protest from Mr. Dewey's commission, along with other Negro and white progressives. More recently Dr. Tobias, with nonpartisan statesmanship, followed the logic of his resignation and publicly joined with the National Citizens Political Action Committee for the election of Roosevelt and Truman. Recently, Mr. Dewey broke his series of "no comments" to imply in an interview, with noble and profound statesmanship, that Dr. Tobias is a Communist, which is a not unfamiliar escape from the haunting ghost of the Wicks bill.

Democratization of the armed forces is one of the principal issues with respect to Negro rights, and Jim Crow here causes the Negro people the deepest and most justifiable indignation. The Republican plank proposes to "investigate" the situation, but it certainly avoids saying anything about remedying it. What is there to investigate about such notorious conditions as the ban which still exists against Negro women in the WAVES and SPARS, and about numerous other discriminations still remaining in the armed forces? Who would want an investigation conducted by a poll tax-Republican combination such as that with which Martin Dies, the Negro-hater, disgraced the nation in recent years? The need is for action—for correction.

HERE the Roosevelt administration, with victory still a considerable way off, has made the only significant dents in Jim Crow in the armed forces that have been made in modern times. The two most dramatic breaks were made since the Republican and Democratic platforms were drafted, with the Democratic platform saying nothing specific about the Negro and the armed forces: first, the reversal of the policy of recruiting Negro nurses on a quota basis, giving full equality to Negro women; and secondly, the institution of a policy of non-segregation on all Army posts, including vehicles of transportation. It is an historic moral defeat for segregation. This is a victory for the win-the-war policies of the President and is already being protested by Governor Sparks of Alabama as a blow to states rights, which Mr. Dewey euphemistically calls "the area of agreement" between the federal and state governments. Proving that it is policy, not party, that is essential, the War Department is headed by a Republican, Secretary Stimson, while another Republican, Wendell Willkie, has uttered many excellent statements against Jim Crow in the armed forces. Hoover, Dewey, and Bricker should sing hosannas to these men, and be glad to claim them as Republicans giving more content to the Republican plank than the words called for. Instead, Stimson has been pretty much read out of the leading circles of the party as a traitor, and Willkie was not even permitted to attend the GOP national convention.

When the issues are examined—and I have taken only a few current and typical ones—it is apparent that the test is not Republican or Democrat, but men, issues, and deeds. That is the trend among the people. On the Negro issue, the record of the Republican leaders has been no less shameful than that of the poll tax Democrats.

But the dangers of a Dewey-Bricker victory are not to be underestimated. For it is clear that a demagogic appeal to Negro voters—who are decisive in eight key industrial states—plus the Republican-poll tax conspiracy to steal the elections (the barring of soldiers' votes, and the insurrectionary plot to manipulate the electoral college) constitute very real hazards to a Roosevelt victory. The Hoover-Dewey ticket is placing great hopes in arguments of confusion, which I hope to discuss in a subsequent article in NEW MASSES. These arguments are not without effect.

The many unsolved grievances of the Negro people create fertile ground for partisan demagogy. The failure to redress these grievances has been due not only to the inadequacies of the Roosevelt administration, but also to the lack of a sufficient united peoples' campaign against the obstructionist coalition of Taft Republicans, poll tax and northern machine Democrats. The election campaign should not witness a diminution in the struggle for the solution of grievances, but a daily intensification—the election itself being another form of that struggle. The struggle for Negro rights should not be viewed as something static, but as in motion, as part of the movement toward the era of the common man. It is clear then that the forward march of the Negro people, as with the entire nation, toward victory and a secure postwar world, lies in the coalition of labor, the Negro people and all other democratic win-the-war forces of the country under the leadership of President Roosevelt. Essential to the further advance of that coalition, and to the perspective of ending the Jim Crow system, is the election of the Roosevelt-Truman ticket and a win-the-war Congress.

This is the first of several articles on the crucial question of the Negro vote in the coming election.

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SCHOLAR AS SENATOR

By JOSEPH NORTH

RECENTLY I met a man with a vision. He saw a world at peace, the nations prospering, the workshops busy and the makers of goods enjoying the fruits of their craft. He saw enlightened peoples living harmoniously as truly good neighbors, their men of wisdom exchanging knowledge with their fellows in all the lands. He cited Mencius and Confucius and Jefferson as seers who foretold this world that he has come to believe in: "Heaven" he quoted Mencius, "sees as my people see: Heaven hears as my people hear." And, almost in the same breath, he reiterated Jefferson's credo: "I consider the people who constitute a society or a nation as the source of all authority in that nation." He could quote Mencius in the Chinese, which he has mastered, and he is the author of a classic, *Chinese Political Thought*. And he knew Jefferson, chapter and page, for he is the author of a valuable study of the Virginian: *Thomas Jefferson: World Citizen*.

The name of this visionary? He would stare at you in astonishment if you called him that, for he would contend that his is the realistic view of the world: a contrary position, he would argue, is unsound, historically, politically, ethically. This "visionary" is the hard-headed, practical statesman who is chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. His name is Elbert D. Thomas, senior Senator from Utah. I interviewed him in his hotel in New York, recently, and found a quiet, dignified Westerner totally at variance with the usual newspaper concept of our legislators.

For an overly long time it has been fashionable to depict Congress as an unmitigated monotone of provincialism and worse; the cartoonist's traditional image of our national legislator as a rotund, bespectacled farmer with a goatee bore the implication of a countryman whose vision was bounded by alfalfa to the east and corn to the west. The connotation of the provincial was that of isolationism; the cartoonist's symbol left little room for the legislator from the provinces bearing within him the teeming tradition of our nation and of the world. The image of hayseed left little room for the impressive reality of a man like Senator Thomas.

There was the scholar in his bearing; his careful consideration of the questions asked him; his deliberate, thoughtful reply; his dignity. A big man, somewhere about six feet in height, he moved about the room a bit ponderously as he answered my questions, slowly but unhesitatingly. He spoke as historian, as educator (he was formerly a professor at the University of Utah), rather than as a political leader. But the two aspects of his experience are intertwined, cannot be separated. He is the scholar as senator.

SENATOR THOMAS is, by the terms of politics, an exceedingly important man. He is slated to succeed the fabulous Sen. Robert R. Reynolds, of North Carolina, as chairman of the crucial Military Affairs Committee—providing the elections turn out right. His record in the Senate is preeminent; he has been prominently associated with practically all our nation's recent forward-looking legislation. Labor couples him with Senator Wagner, as a champion of its rights, and he has helped initiate vital war-time labor legislation. Workingmen, progressives, liberals remember him as a member of the famous Civil Liberties sub-committee. And despite his preoccupation with programs to aid all segments of our populace, he has found time to sponsor legislation which gave WAC members all the rights of soldiers. "As the son of a mother who devoted a good part of her life to winning woman suffrage, I felt our daughters in uniform merit the same rights as our sons," he said seriously.

He is a tower of strength to the administration in the field of foreign policy. Years ago he saw the menace of the Nazi, and upon his return from a trip to Europe in 1934, he urged full preparation to ward off the aggressor. The scholar devoted much attention to the methods of military preparedness and early saw the usefulness of the glider, for example, and other new forms of aircraft. He championed collective security as the basis for national foreign policy, and it is safe to forecast that he will be one of the men in Washington upon whom the people can rely to implement, to bring into reality, such perspectives as those now being fashioned at Dumbarton Oaks.

Senator Elbert D. Thomas

In reply to a question, he told me: "Does anybody doubt today that war anywhere in the world is of universal concern? Is there a corner of the earth so far removed that every person is not affected by a war that goes on there? Does anyone, today, doubt that an economic disaster anywhere in the world has its repercussions everywhere? Does anyone doubt that the rebuke of the many must restrain those who trespass the rules of world morality? Can anyone, today, doubt the fact of world unity?"

His position will offer little solace to those who recently saw good in the sniping from Albany at the Dumbarton Oaks conference. The basis for world unity he feels is the firm partnership of the world's greatest powers who guaranteed the defeat of Hitler and paved the way for the smaller nations to regain their independence. "United together," he says, "these citizens of the future, in a world made truly safe for democracy by the permanent unity of the three most powerful nations in it—they will be able, with happiness and confidence, to live as strong world citizens in a strong world—a world of free men, where Jew and Christian, black, yellow, white, will live together in peace and security." Furthermore, he saw that the well-being of the postwar world depends upon this: "The friendship of the United States and the Soviet Union in war must be followed by a permanent unity—a permanent alliance—in peace. In such an alliance lies the only guarantee of lasting peace, of equal rights of the individual, the only guarantee of the rights of nations."

WHAT went into the molding of a man who holds these views? I asked. What fashioned the thinking of this son of an inland state who cham-

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pions so vigorously the concept of world unity? His reply was prompt: Thomas Jefferson, he said, was his principal influence. And his own experience as world-traveler taught him that freedom is a sacred word in all languages. "When I was twenty-six I had lived in every capital of Europe except St. Petersburg and Madrid."

His story really begins on the wide plains of America. "My mother and father were Mormon pioneers. Both walked across the prairies, came to Utah, settled, and made a garden of the desert." His mother became an outstanding leader in the struggle for woman's rights. "She championed woman suffrage from the beginning. As a child I remember her taking me across the country to Chicago, in 1893, to the Women's Federation Convention." His mother's ardent crusading left an indelible impression upon her son.

When he had reached the age of twenty, he married, and together with his young bride traveled to the Orient where they served as Mormon missionaries. They lived in Japan for more than five years. There he became acquainted with the fathers of the Chinese Revolution—with the young men of Sun Yat-sen. Chiang Kai-shek was a student in Tokyo at the time Mr. Thomas lived there. He studied their ideas, became conversant with their aspirations. All this time he lived close to poverty; the wage of the missionary was principally spiritual. His straitened circumstances helped him understand the blend of the economic with the political. And even in his youth he felt a deep sympathy for the hopes of the poverty-stricken, semi-colonial and colonial peoples. The bland attitude of the American tourist, and American businessman, drew his anger, his scorn. He tells a revealing story of those days, one that throws light on the influences which fashioned his thinking.

"One day in North China, during the first year of the Chinese Revolution, a party of tourists encountered a parading mob of students carrying a strange-looking banner down a street. When the Americans asked the meaning of the flag, it was translated for them as 'Put-Foot-Forward' Party. They laughed heartily. 'Aren't the Chinese strange people?' they said. I could not myself repress a smile as I remembered how my Latin would have been if, when I first learned the verb *progredior*, my teacher had explained that it merely meant 'Put Foot Forward.' If I had learned *progredior* in that way, I should never have bothered with the word 'progress.' The parading students had merely adopted the name of Theodore Roosevelt's Progressive Party. The Chinese Put-Foot-Forward Party was a strange organization, indeed."

UPON his return to America he accepted a post at the University of Utah teaching Latin and Greek. His experiences in Asia impelled him to urge courses in the study of the Orient, and today they are an accepted part of the curriculum—a fact in which he takes as much pride as in any other of his achievements. The orientalist, however, remained the scholar of American history. Years later, as a Senator, he was appointed to a leading capacity on the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission, which led to his authorship of the book on Jefferson.

The Senator is, I believe, one of a growing group of public figures in our country who are searching our past to discover the key to our present. I am thinking of men like Henry Wallace, Claude Bowers, our ambassador to Chile, the late William E. Dodd, former ambassador to Germany, Wendell Willkie, the late Senator Norris, of Nebraska. All reveal something in common, I believe: a realization, as Jefferson taught, that our national interest is interwoven with the interest of democracy; that one cannot obtain without the other. In the old days the failure to recognize this led to the strife between the Federalists and the Jeffersonians; and the all-too-willing blindness of most of Alexander Hamilton's followers almost led young America to the successful subversion of Aaron Burr. The Frenchman who said, "The more it changes, the more it is the same," would feel vindicated if he could survey the national scene here today. It is the ancient fight under new conditions: the Republican coterie about Herbert Hoover would ultimately, if successful, lead the nation into the dead end of today's Essex Junta of seditionists.

Thanks to a man like Senator Thomas, and those he represents, America is being forewarned of these perils. "Everyone who knows history," he said, "knows that the American Revolution is not completed"—a fecund thought, one pregnant with tremendous significance for today's America. It is an idea integral with the Senator's primary concern—an expanding economy, one of plenty, an extension of democracy to its uttermost boundary. At home, and abroad.

"My economic philosophy," he said, "has much to do with the Chinese concept I remember: if you gather together the wealth of the nation in one place, you divide the people. If you scatter the wealth among all peoples, you unite them."

"And how is that to be done?" I asked. His answer was direct: Here at home we must do it the American way—we have had a century and a half of experience. "Since Benjamin Franklin's time, the habits of thrift were inculcated in our citizenry," he said. "Banking day has been an institution in our schools for generations. Our life, and our philosophy are based upon the theory of individual effort, the ability to have and to hold, the ability to accumulate." That reality must be taken into full consideration today. To achieve an economy of abundance, to satisfy our people and their inheritance, "we must begin with the premise of the enlightened average citizen: increase our educational facilities, create a well-trained, cultured people, and render possible the achievement of well-being through the approaches of government." He saw the state as the principal which must render possible these goals. "Man and his welfare should be the chief aim of government." This idea runs consistently through his talk and his writings. He saw it as the most significant aspect of the recent conference of the International Labor Office, at Philadelphia, where he delivered a report embodying these approaches. "The basic feeling of anybody in public life," he said to me, "must be this: if you're going to work for the benefit of the people, don't be afraid of the common man. He has a better understanding of his own needs than anybody who wants to solve his problems for him."

HE IS adamant upon one major point: and he underscored it with his forefinger jabbing the air as he spoke: "We must make an all-out investment in America: more schools, more hospitals, more recreation centers, more parks. More of everything for the average man means more of everything for all categories of our people: means more of America." This underlies his support of all the forward-looking legislation he has espoused in his eleven years in the Senate. "The millionaire," he says, "must, for his own good, realize this." Senator Thomas' ardent championing of the needs of the white collar strata is one of his most recent specific actions to quicken into reality his philosophy. "Crush the white collar worker and you cripple America," he said. He was

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"A Solo," lithograph by Max Weber.

deeply concerned that millions of engineers, school teachers, clerks, and others of these categories have had no rise in wages since the war. "They find great difficulty in making ends meet." And he expected this Congress to enact measures for the protection of the "twenty million forgotten white collar workers."

But America's destiny cannot be solved by America alone. It must be done in concert with her sister nations. In *Thomas Jefferson: World Citizen*, published in 1942, he wrote: "To the thoughtful person the only satisfactory approach to the study of any social, political or economic theory is one based upon the assumption that the world is a unit." He says that Jefferson's works first brought this concept to him. And it was the Sage of Monticello who first taught him that our destiny lies in an economy of abundance; a furtherance of the American Revolution in today's terms: economic freedom to bolster our traditional freedoms. "Our inherited liberties have brought us the realization," he said, "that we can associate—yes, even enjoy our association—with those who differ with us in political, social, religious and economic views." A vital lesson, I felt; one that should be inscribed in the book of all men in public life today. And this dictum of the Senator's: "No system based on loyalty to party, which puts success of party above righteousness, can become universal. It is built upon sand and must fall." In this season of frenzied politics in our land, I believe these sentiments of Senator Thomas must become the property of the nation as a whole. What grief, what obstacles, could be surmounted if all men in public life understood these truths. For upon their understanding hinges the success, or failure, of the future.

THESE are the ideas of the Senior Senator from Utah. This is the outlook of the next chairman of our Senate Military Affairs Committee. It augurs well for America that we have such a man in our responsible councils. "I am an optimist," he told me in conclusion. "I believe Jefferson's counsels will prevail." But not of themselves, not automatically. They need ardent championing, tireless organization.

I found his views heartening; they jibe with the aspirations of the millions, are synonymous, I feel, with the imperatives of our time. And for all the classes in our nation. They are the diametric opposite of the desperate pessimism displayed by such men as Governor Dewey whose outlook for tomorrow can be estimated in his recent words: "I think everyone recognizes that there will be a very substantial reduction in production when the war is over—a very substantial one, over-all and national." This paen of pessimism is echoed in a chorus of voices by various spokesmen and adherents of the Hoover *Weltanschaaung* —an economy spiraling downwards to hunger, poverty, imperialism, and ultimately, World War III. It is the resurrection of Alexander Hamilton in our time: "Your people, sir, is a beast." One might view it as the antithesis to the Jeffersonism of our day, expressed by such statesmen as Senator Thomas, whose outlook possesses the realistic optimism prerequisite for victory. "World unity," he said, closing our interview, "does not mean a world of bliss; it means a world much like our own America, where strife, litigation, contest, competition, struggle, strikes, and clashes of all kinds of interests go hand in hand with splendid and peaceful cooperation in fifty-odd political jurisdictions. . . . I may see a larger and more comprehensive example of unity before I die, but I do not expect to see a better working one. I love to read of Utopias. I am a believer in the Grand Course—the Millenium—but it will not come by fiat. It will come from struggle."

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JUDGING THE WAR CRIMINALS II

By A. N. TRAININ

The following is the second of two articles by Professor Trainin, one of the Soviet Union's foremost lawyers, on the legal aspects of the guilt of the war criminals. Professor Trainin's book, "The Criminal Responsibility of the Hitlerites," has recently been published by the Soviet Law Institute of the Academy of Science.

AMONG the most important problems with which we are faced in this historical hour, the question of the criminal responsibiltiy of the Hitlerites for the terrible crimes they have committed occupies a prominent place. This question is already being subjected to lively discussion in the Allied press; the ideas expressed and the measures recommended are of the most varied character. Some circles maintain that "the German people who gave birth to militaristic Junkerdom and aggressive Hitlerism have shown their complete decadence and inability to live in peace with other nations. The German people, therefore, must be punished in the severest possible way and placed forever in the position of a penalized nation."

This group is headed by Lord Vansittart, a prominent British diplomat who has held no official position during recent years.

There are milder judges who consider it sufficient to deprive the German people of rights for a time sufficient to reeducate them.

Then there are, finally, the extremely kind-hearted judges who assume that the removal of the Hitlerite regime is sufficient for the "correction" of Germany, and who release the guilty and their accomplices from responsibility for the crimes they have committed. This tenderhearted, so to say, justice is recommended by certain German emigrant circles in Great Britain and the United States, particularly the former Hitlerite Strasser.

What is the real situation and how should the question of the criminal responsibility of the Hitlerites for the crimes they have committed be decided in accordance with the principles of international law?

We will take, first of all, the question of the responsibility of the German state and people. It is generally accepted, and beyond all question of doubt, that every state is obliged to fulfill in their entirety the international obligations which it has undertaken and, consequently, to bear the responsibility for their non-fulfillment. What is the nature of this responsibility?

On this question we must be perfectly clear. It must be quite definitely recognized that a state must and can bear *political* responsibility (for example, the disarming of an aggressor) and *material* responsibility (for example, compensation for the damage caused by the war). Can, however, a state bear *criminal* responsibility?

Some people abroad answer this question unhesitatingly in the affirmative. On the basis of the fact that a state is responsible for its illegal acts they conclude that a state can answer as a criminal.

This conclusion is incorrect.

A state cannot be placed in the dock. A state cannot be exiled or deported. None of the fundamentals of criminal jurisprudence can be carried into effect if an attempt is made to bring before a criminal court such an intricate, peculiar body of many millions of people as a modern state.

Naturally the state must, under all conditions, answer for the policy it pursues and every state should bear responsiblity for the results of its actions. A state which has embroiled the whole world in warfare, a state which has transformed war into militarized banditry—the Hitlerite state must be punished to the greatest possible extent: it must be destroyed.

". . . the Hitler state," says Stalin, "can and must be destroyed" (speech delivered on November 6, 1942). This destruction, however, does not have to be brought about as a result of a trial in court on the basis of a legal sentence. The Hitler state will be destroyed by the military might of all those united in the struggle for the peace, liberty, and democracy of the peoples.

HOW is the question of the responsibility of the German people to be settled?

The native land of Goethe and Schiller, Bach and Beethoven, Hegel, Marx and Engels, the land of monuments to a high culture and the achievements of human genius which once won the admiration of the whole world for the talent and creative labor of the German thinkers and scientists, the German workers and peasants—Germany has become, under Hitler, a den of thieves.

Millions of Germans and their leaders are guilty of the worst crimes. Great and heavy is the guilt, and the German people must answer for it politically, morally, and materially. Of this there is no doubt. The responsibility of the German people, however, again cannot be determined in accordance with the rules of criminal court practice. The German people cannot be tried in court as a many-millioned gang of accomplices in the Hitlerite crimes. This is something that cannot be accomplished and would be politically incorrect. We must always bear in mind Stalin's excellent words: ". . . Hitlers come and go but the German people and the German state remain."

Neither the German state nor the German people, therefore, can be tried as criminals before a criminal court. Doubt may arise as to whether this does not weaken the cause of justice and the great idea that the Hitlerites must suffer retribution for the crimes committed by them. It certainly does not. On the contrary, under these conditions all those really guilty of crimes will receive the punishment they deserve: definite individuals—bandits, robbers, and violators—must not be allowed to hide behind the broad back of the state and the people; they must be shown up for what they are in all their brute nature and their despicable actions appraised in the way they deserve.

In connection with this it must be laid down that criminal responsibility for crimes committed must be borne by those definite people who act in the name of the state.

The Nazi private soldier is cruel, stupid, and avaricious. He robs and kills, encouraged by the instructions of his leaders. He robs and kills on his own initiative due to his avarice and to the cruelty of a beast that has broken its chains. But he is not the inspirer and not the organizer of state banditry, the soldier is not bothered with solving the problem of world conquests but with his own bandit affairs. Therefore the German soldier who kills Soviet civilians, the German soldier who rapes women or

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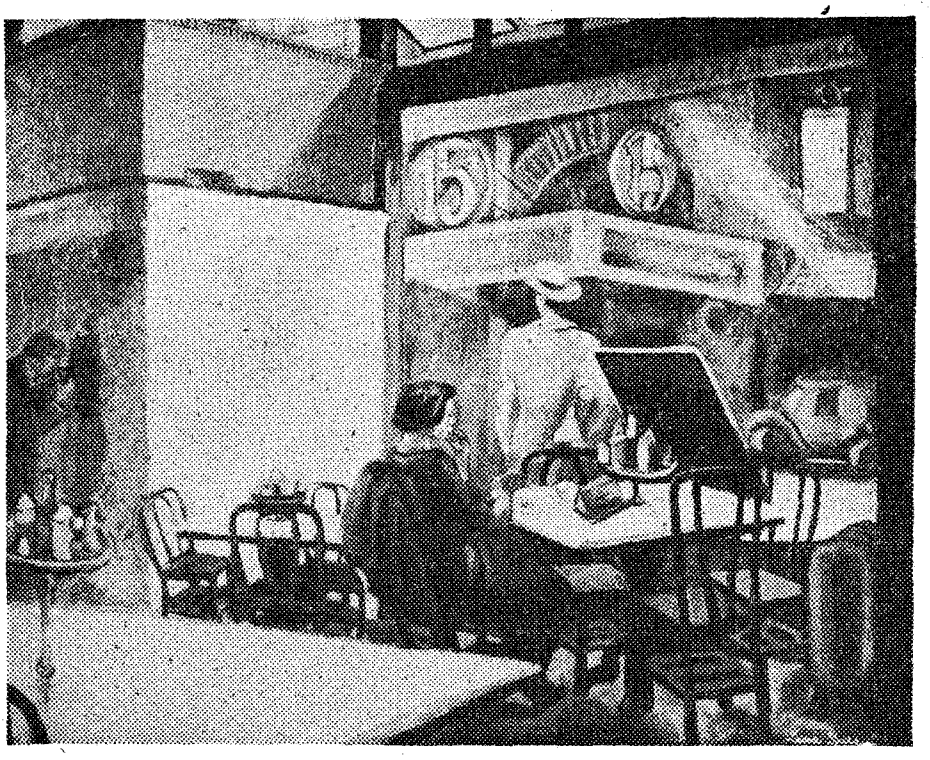
burns collective farm buildings, has to answer for these crimes: banditry, murder, rape, and arson. The German soldier will not escape responsibility for these crimes, will not escape even in those cases where the crimes were committed by order of his superiors. Even the Leipzig Imperial court, the stage on which Germany produced her comic opera trial of the "War Criminals of 1914-18" in July 1921, in announcing the sentence on Ditmar, who was accused of torpedoing a British hospital ship by order of the commander of a submarine, stated that the order of the submarine commander did not release Ditmar from criminal responsibility. The responsibility for the crimes of rank and file Nazi soldiers, willing executives of the bandit orders of their ringleaders, will correspond to their participation in these crimes.



"Automat," oil by Lena Gurr.

AN entirely different role and a different degree of responsibiilty belong to the "leaders," the higher command. They are both the creators and the executives of the whole system of "militarized" crime. It would, therefore, be a grave error to consider them merely accomplices in separate crimes committed by the Germans (organizers, instigators, and aids). No, they are guilty not only of this, but of other more serious crimes which they have personally committed. It is they who are guilty of creating and executing the policy of organized state banditry, an insult to fundamental international law.

First and foremost, Hitler and his ministers must be included in this group of the worst criminals from the standpoint of national and international criminal law. This is the first, most dangerous, and most malicious group of international criminals. Another political group is closely bound up with the governmental group—the leaders of the Nazi party. This group must include the military command and also local representatives of the Hitlerite government (Gauleiters, etc.)

"We know the men who are guilty of these outrages, the builders of this 'New Order in Europe,' all those upstart governor-generals, or just ordinary governors, commandants and sub-commandants," said Stalin on November 6, 1942. "Their names are known to tens of thousands of tormented people. Let these butchers know that they will not escape responsibility for their crimes or elude the hand of retribution of the tormented nations."

The Hitlerites are supported by powerful financial and industrial magnates, the real masters of modern Germany. "Hitler, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Himmler, and the other rulers of presentday Germany are the watchdogs of the German bankers . . . ," read Stalin's May Day order of 1942. Can and should the financial and industrial magnates of Nazi Germany answer at an international court as confederates in the crimes of the Hitlerites?

Naturally, of course, Hermann Buecher, owner of an electrical goods concern, or Ernst Ponsgen, the steel king, do not stand on guard at the street corner while their soldiers spread over Europe robbing civilians and burning peasant property. In the vast majority of cases they do not know and do not want to know the actual performers of these deeds. Nevertheless they are on guard, not in the technical criminal sense of that word but in a deeper and more dangerous sense: these financial magnates guard the Hitlerite clique with their funds, their factories, and their guns, using them to support and strengthen the state system of banditry and receiving in exchange goods stolen during the war.

In August 1943, when the Nazi hordes were hurrying back to their *Vaterland* under the mighty blows of the Red Army, the *Reichswerke Hermann Goering* trust founded a new limited company, the *Ukrainische Gesellschaft fur Stahl* (Ukrainian Steel Company), with its headquarters in Dniepropetrovsk. The organizers of this enterprise, the thieves and war profiteers, should not be beyond the reach of justice. In determining the policy of the German fascist party and helping this policy in action and in this way uniting their wills in the tendency common to all participants in the crimes, the German financial magnates are accomplices, organizers, and helpers in the Nazi crimes.

While speaking of the Hitlerite crimes mention must be made of individuals who have no high titles and who hold no official positions in the German state system, who do not belong to the German armed forces but who have taken and still are taking part in German rapine and plunder.

Two groups of criminals among these private people must have special mention: first, there are those who exploit the slave labor of civilians forcibly carried off into Nazi slavery, and second, those who buy up property known to have been stolen in the occupied territories. It is therefore with every foundation in fact that V. M. Molotov's note of May 11, 1943 states:

"The Soviet government at the same time places full responsibility on private people in Germany who inhumanly exploit the slave labor of Soviet civilians in their enterprises or their private houses. These private individuals must bear responsibility for the countless privations and the suffering they have caused Soviet people."

The role, therefore, and the criminal responsibility of those who are participating in the Nazi organization of international criminals should be defined as

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follows: Hitler and his ministers, the leaders of the Nazi party, the high command of the German army—Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg, and others—people authorized by and representing Hitler in the occupied territories are the organizers and executives; they are supported by the leaders of financial and industrial concerns, who are in turn the organizers and accomplices in the worst attacks on the fundamentals of international relations and human morals. They are all participants, members of the international gang of criminals, members of the Hitlerite clique. All together they are the organizers of a countless number of criminal deeds (among them the most brutal) which have been perpetrated by the Hitlerite hordes.

Individual perpetrators of concrete crimes—the actual murderers, plunderers, incendiaries, violators, exploiters of slave labor, purchasers of stolen goods —must also bear the responsibility for their crimes.

All those who are guilty of these horrible crimes against the lives, liberties, and culture of the nations must be met by the severest punishment.

THE ABC OF POLIO

By DR. ALBERT BLAZER

So far in this poliomyelitis epidemic, only one in 12,000 has been stricken. In past epidemics one in 6,000 was the highest ratio.

Compare it with a grippe epidemic which spreads to one in twenty people. Relax. You don't have to be a gambler to see that the odds are tremendously in your favor. Your child may even be immune to infantile paralysis. How this could have come about will be explained later.

People are unduly frightened today. They fear every fever a child has is polio. By all means call the doctor. But here are the symptoms that differentiate polio from the ordinary sicknesses now current: There is an irritation of the nervous system due to the invasion of the virus. The child is trigger-tense to a shaft of light, to a foot-fall, to a hand on the bed. Or the reverse may occur, and he is indifferent to his surroundings. His neck or his whole spine may be as rigid as a rod. There may be weakness of one or more muscle groups. Irritation of the brain may cause an unnatural vomiting even if the stomach is empty. The patient will have no sensation of nausea.

There is a simple test you can try. With the child on its back you hold one ankle in each hand. Both knees are gently flexed and placed on the chest. When the child is normal you are able, by lifting the child's ankles, to unflex the knees and hips forming a letter L. In polio, and in other nervous diseases, the hips and knees will not unflex but stay in spasm. Your doctor will perform this test as well as check his reflexes. In suspicious cases he will do a spinal tap.

There are nine kinds of poliomyelitis. Fortunately the worst forms are rarest. The death rate of the serious type is one out of thirty, but if you include all types, it is less than one out of 100. Out of twenty people who contract the disease, sixteen get the abortive type. These sixteen are mildly sick for only three days, and then are perfectly well. They never have paralysis and are rewarded by an immunity against polio for the rest of their lives. Many of these cases aren't even recognized as polio. If you were sick in past polio epidemics with so-called "grippe," you may have received this immunity.

Out of twenty people who contract the disease, three will be severely ill but have no paralysis, and completely recover. Only one in twenty gets paralysis. Let's see what happens to him: he has an eight percent chance of his paralysis disappearing spontaneously without treatment in three weeks, and he has a thirty percent chance of his paralysis disappearing completely in one year with treatment.

We know the cause of this disease, but not how it is transmitted. It is caused by a filterable virus—a strange tiny germ, a crystalline substance on the border line between being alive and dead, which acquires life when in contact with living cells. It is so tiny it passes through the infinitely small pores of a special filter. Chickenpox, smallpox, influenza, measles, German measles, and mumps are virus diseases. But the polio virus is even a tinier fellow. All virus infections are more contagious than bacterial infections, but you never get them twice. (Well, hardly ever.) The polio germ is found in the stools, mouth, and nose of the patient.

It's a warm weather disease; South American epidemics occur in January and February. Some suspect the common summer fly, but since we do not know exactly how the disease is transmitted, we have no specific preventative. Inoculations of the nose, serums and vaccines have proved themselves worthless. Removing tonsils during an epidemic seems to double your chances of getting polio; fatigue seems to be another factor. Isolation of children seems to be the safest bet. In some states, schools are closed and children are barred from swimming pools and movies until the beginning of October when the epidemics are usually over. Traveling is probably a factor in bringing new cases into a community. If your neighbor has polio, it is safe to associate with the family after twenty days from their last contact with the patient. This is the maximum incubation period.

The treatment for polio is carried on by health departments, isolation hospitals, physio-therapists, orthopedic surgeons, and pediatricians—all working as a team. The Kenney treatment, consisting of hot packs and massage by specially trained technicians, has replaced the old plaster cast routine. The quarrel of the American Medical Association with Nurse Kenney has not been over the Kenney method but over her theoretical explanations of the pathology and their disapproval of her self-exploitation.

In some parts of the country the polio victim is accepted in the general wards and not put in isolation. This may seem startling, but it is really very simple. The first week of polio is contagious, but by the time the diagnosis is made, seven days have elapsed and the patient is no longer contagious.

At the present writing, the highest point of the epidemic has been reached. The number of cases per day will decrease until September 30. By October the danger will have passed.

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I LIKE THE BRITISH

By S/SGT. HUGO BEISWENGER

Somewhere in England (by mail)

I JUST returned from London a few days ago, where I spent an eight day furlough. It might seem like a postman's holiday to go to buzz-bombed London after having dodged flak and fighters for three months, but as a matter of fact it wasn't. I came back "recuperated" and relaxed, though not too rested, I must confess. I made a few notes of some of my impressions of how the people are meeting the difficult situation there.

I FOUND that London is in the front lines in the most literal sense. The change was all the more abrupt after riding through the peaceful, beautiful English countryside in the little coaches of a train which looked almost like a toy to us. The land was bursting with ripening crops. But we were already getting prepared for the change as we passed train after train coming out from London packed to overflowing with evacuated mothers and children.

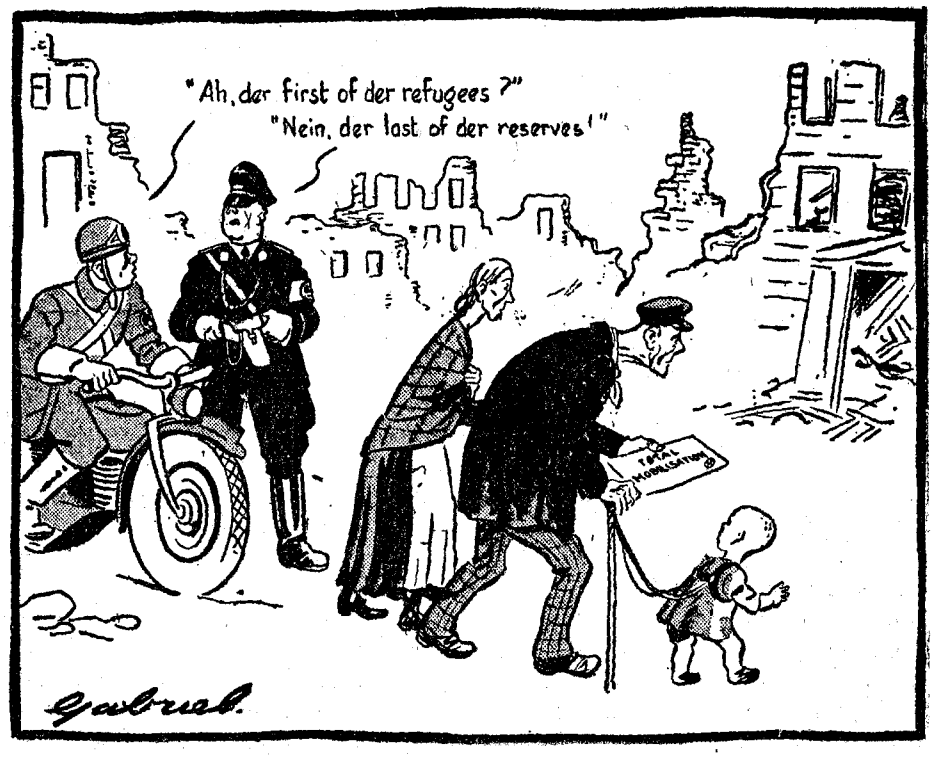
An alert was on when I arrived. London is a city that sometimes is subjected to heavy bombardment day and night. Life therefore follows much the same pattern as it has in other cities which have been under bombardment. Londoners are standing up to it all cheerfully, however. Not a little of their inspiration comes from the heroic example of the Soviet peoples. Now, with the tremendous Russian offensives in the east and the determined march of the American and British troops in France, Londoners endure their hardships with the confidence that they won't last much longer.

LIFE can be very uncertain in London today. You cannot start a trip across town and be sure of reaching your destination, or go into a restaurant and be sure of finishing your meal. Entering a cinema, you mentally ask yourself if you'll come out after the performance. You can't go to work, children can't start for school, mothers can't go shopping, with the assurance that they will return safely home. One cannot lie down in bed at night and feel sure of getting up in the morning. Yet people continue to do all of these things every hour and every day, without grumbling, without hysteria, in a very matter of fact way, and have even developed a sense of humor about it.

Yes, London and its millions of hard-working people, who are entering their sixth year of the war, is in the front lines. Now the doodlebug has created a whole group of new problems. Hitler had hoped to disrupt production as one of his main objects in launching the doodlebug. The most important problem therefore is maintaining a steady flow of munitions for the front in Normandy. *The workers of London are maintaining that flow.* Many of them, like the transport workers, are risking their lives every single hour and minute of the day in order to do it. Over half of these are women. They must work continuously in the open, exposed to the buzz-bombs and not able to take shelter. In the factories, management and workers have carefully worked out spotter and warning systems in order to maintain maximum production and at the same time give as much protection as possible to the workers. Thus a take-shelter warning comes only at the last minute when danger is "imminent" (i.e., a buzz-bomb is almost directly overhead). This keeps down to the very minimum the time lost from production.

The buzz-bombs have created other urgent problems: the need for a universal public "imminent" danger warning for protection of housewives and pedestrians of all kinds; adequate shelters; evacuation; housing for bombed-out workers; civil defense. The remarkable thing is that the need for solving all of these problems has not distracted Londoners from other essential tasks connected with the grand offensive in Europe—such tasks as helping the farmers get in the harvest, voluntary domestic help for hospitals, and blood donations.

THE common danger plus the people's determination to give everything they've got to smash Hitlerism has developed a warmer, more human relationship between people, and many, many acts of heroism, bravery, and just warm human kindness can be recorded daily. You probably know that thousands of mothers and their children have been evacuated from London to safety in the country. But how many know that their places have been taken by other thousands of women who have streamed into London from all over England voluntarily offering their ser-



"No one has a right to live in this state who does not wield a weapon."—Hitler.

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vices to the WVS (Women's Volunteer Service), which is doing such a magnificent job of giving aid to victims of the bombs?

In hundreds of ways people are helping each other in genuine comradeship. There probably are few Londoners who aren't giving generously of extra help to the war effort outside of their long working hours in the factories and offices. Little things, like taking in bombed-out families; cleaning up an empty flat after work for a bombed-out family to move into; aiding rescue of people buried under debris; helping bombed families to clear away damage to their homes.

It is not unusual now to meet families who have been bombed out not just once, but two or three times. I met one such worker on the train going down to London. He had been visiting his evacuated wife and kids in the country. He told me he had been bombed out twice. I asked him where he lived now. His answer: "In the shelter." He added that there were two rooms of his house left that were partially habitable and that he also used these.

In spite of all of the dangers and difficulties of living and working, Londoners miraculously are able to find time to help the war effort in yet additional ways. The workers at the Hoover factory are typical: thirty percent are regular blood donors. All London hospitals face a serious crisis because of lack of domestic workers. The women of London have responded magnificently to the call for volunteer domestic work for the hospitals.

Another way that thousands of shop and office workers are putting forth that extra effort is by spending their summer vacations — "holidays" they're called here—on the land, helping the farmers get in the harvest. This is what one friend wrote me about her experiences in working on the land: "This is about the most strenuous work I've ever done. You get so tired you feel at lunch time you can't do another vine [they were stripping hops]—but pride or something makes you go on. And it's worth it because the feeling of deep fatigue at 6 PM is 'great'—you know what it's like, tiring yourself out and having something to show for it that really smacks at fascism. We come home glowing with sunburn, covered in dirt, in a shaking old lorry. All of the little factory girls have turned rosy and pretty in the country air and look so different in their old bright frocks or overalls."

The government provides living accommodations and food for these land volunteers in the form of well organized camps of tents, located in the heart of the various agricultural communities.

Londoners haven't let their own problems make them forget their men and women at the front in France and Italy. A steady flow of letters, papers, magazines, books, cigarettes, and friendly little packages from home go from London to the fighting fronts. These people don't complain about their difficulties to their men and women at the front. In fact, they minimize these and offer every encouragement that they can. They know it's even tougher over there.

IN ALL of these war-time activities which the people here are so heroically but quietly carrying out, the British Communists are in the forefront, contributing everything within their power to strengthen the people's efforts for victory. A statement of the London District Committee to its membership, made recently, concludes with these two paragraphs:

"Therefore, like the overwhelming majority of Londoners, we will show ourselves worthy of being in the front line, in the fight to the death against fascism.

"We shall do this by the extent to which we remain calm in the face of danger, without bravado and taking protection when necessary, by the extent to which we maintain production and fulfill all the needs of the front, help the people with all their problems and at the same time maintain and strengthen the Communist Party as the most decisive weapon of the people both for the present and the future."

The value and sincerity of the Communist Party's support to the war was recently dramatically acknowledged by General Dwight D. Eisenhower in a wire to the Guildford branch of the Party, which had sent him a resolution pledging "to work in every way possible in the factories, hospitals and harvest fields to insure that the offensive is backed by the fullest support by the workers on the Home Front." General Eisenhower's reply was a telegram:

"To Mr. L. Reynolds, Propaganda Secretary, Guildford branch of the Communist Party:

"On behalf of all the ranks of the Allied forces under my command, greatly appreciate the sentiments conveyed in the message from the Guildford branch of the Communist Party. Eisenhower."

The London *Daily Worker* is doing an excellent job in buzz-bombed London. A newspaper is one thing that cannot be produced if its staff is running for shelters all times of the day and night. The *Daily Worker* comes out—on time and under the greatest difficulties—giving its day-to-day help to the people and all their needs. Its staff is doing a truly heroic job. The story of the London *Daily*—the role that it has played in this war—is one of the epics of contemporary journalism.

Wherever you go in London you hear "bomb stories." Close calls and narrow escapes are, of course, favorites. I had one that compares with the average, so I will tell it here. It was the sixth day of my furlough. I had never seen one of the bloody p-planes and I was loudly lamenting the fact. The same day I saw one too close for comfort.

A friend and I were walking toward the subway when we heard a buzz-bomb heading our way. The cloud was low so we couldn't see it. When it was directly overhead the pulsating motor cut out. That's when you get that sick feeling in the pit of the stomach. Stretching our necks and straining our eyes, we tried to see where it would dive out of the clouds. It wasn't seconds when it did, just ahead of us. We saw it nose down and streak with a soft shrill whistle for the earth. We thought we'd had it. But then we saw that it wasn't going to hit us, but was close enough for us to get the blast. We hit the sidewalk flat on our stomachs in less time than it takes to tell, put our hands and arms over our heads and held our breath. It crashed right behind the subway station we had been headed for, about two blocks away, with a sharp crash. There were no buildings alongside where we hit the sidewalk, but a few yards ahead of us large panes of glass fell out of the store windows onto the sidewalk. Neither we nor a crowd of people who had been boarding a bus near us when the bomb fell, were hurt. One woman with a very small child fainted. We picked ourselves up and crossed the street and continued our journey. This experience wasn't at all unusual. Thousands of Londoners have had much worse.

I MENTIONED before that the fly-bomb had produced a humor all its own. Wherever you go you encounter it. One evening I was asked by a bus conductor where I wanted to get off (I must have looked lost). I told him, and

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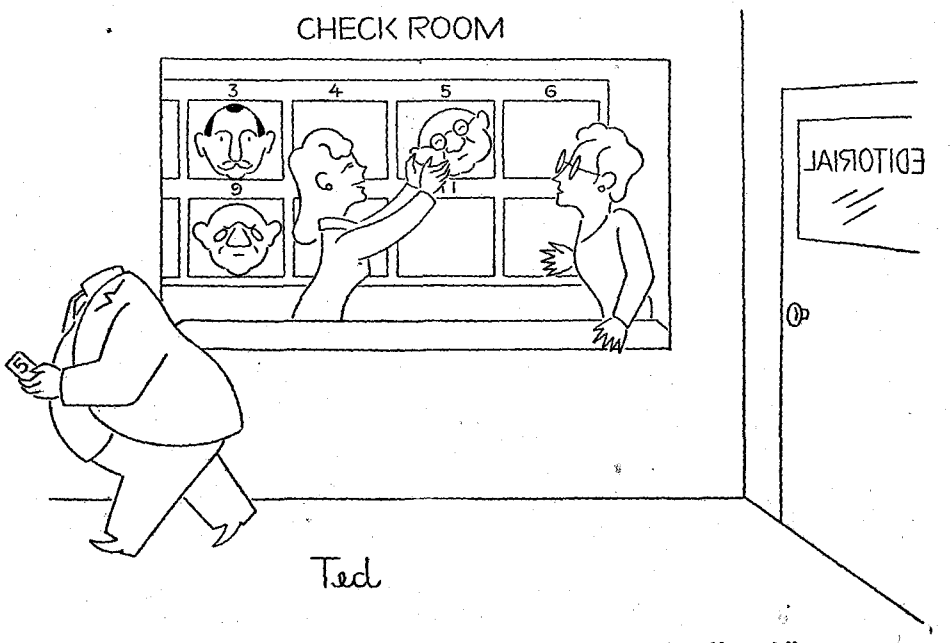

"You learn a lot of things, dearie—working for Hearst."

added that I thought I'd recognize the corner when we got there. "Yes," he replied philosophically, "I think there's enough left that you could." A bumper crop of funny situations emerge from the fact that the air raid wardens are supposed to know who is sleeping where. In the shelters they make their rounds checking to see if everyone is in his right spot. Not infrequently they shine their torches on an unexpected face.

Trying to get some sleep amidst the distraction of the doodle makes another subject for humor. I overheard one woman tell another that her husband insisted on sleeping in his own bed every night. "He says if he's going to die he's going to be comfortable when it happens." The difficulties of sleeping in a subway station is another favorite topic. Those who snore are held more responsible for keeping people awake than trains roaring through the station and crowds of passengers stumbling over the sleepers. The snorer is also accused of interfering with hearing the approach of a fly-bomb. It is hard to distinguish certain pulsating sonorous snores from the drone of the p-plane's engine.

One of the very rare Londoners who operates a car nowadays gave me a ride one morning and told me this story about a little girl who was evacuated to a place near Oxford, the very heart of the English countryside. The morning following the little girl's first night's sleep at the farm, the farmer's wife apologized: "I hope the lowing of the cows didn't disturb your sleep last night, dear."

"Coo, imagine saying that to a child just out from London!" my driver said.

The doodles often produce strange physical effects. One dropped in a park near a pond. The effect of the blast was to lift every drop of water plus all the fish clean out of the pond leaving it dry as a whistle. I can imagine what a marvellous feast the cats of the neighborhood had.

"To SHELTER or not to shelter" is a question which has lent itself to the most violent controversy among Londoners. London is divided into two camps: the fatalists, and the "shelter conscious." Of course the only sensible course is to take shelter whenever possible, and this is constantly urged by government and people's organizations. One's chances of being killed under shelter are very small. It is remarkable how sensitive some "shelter-conscious" persons' ears are. They seem to be able to pick up the drone of the bomb's motor even before it crosses the coast. I never seem to hear them until I notice people heading for shelters.

Many people wondered what I could find of interest in London which would keep me there for eight days. Yet I found my time packed full of activity, and the entire week seemed like a day. Here, briefly, are some things I did: I visited sessions of the House of Commons and the Hornsey Borough Council. I wanted an insight into the workings of British national and municipal politics. With one of the founders I looked over and discussed the Llewelyn Garden City, on London's outskirts, an outstanding example of one type of municipal planning.

I was invited for teas and dinners in the homes of many kinds of people. I learned to know that the English are a very generous people and that nothing that they have is too good for a guest. I attended a wedding of a bloke just returned from service at Murmansk. I was his family's guest for a wonderful dinner at a French restaurant, and the theater afterwards. I saw the Soviet documentary of the Kharkov trials, with its terrible scenes of the bestial Nazi atrocities. I combed all of London's leading bookstores as I always do on my visits to London. I visited numerous pubs with my English friends and tried to answer their hundreds of eager questions about things in America. I spent a wonderful evening enjoying the music of a Beethoven concerto. These and other things I did should explain why I enjoyed my London furlough so much.

THE HIGH point of my visit was a party given me by a group of very dear friends whom I have come to know intimately and to love in my six months on this island. If you've heard that the English people are reserved—or humorless—don't you believe it. This party was one of the liveliest and gayest I've ever seen. The highlight was the singing: all kinds of songs—revolutionary, labor, popular folk songs, even syrupy American Tin Pan Alley (very popular in England). I was amazed at the repertoire of these English workers. Not only did they know their own country's folk songs, but more—American ones that I didn't know. Like most Yanks I knew very few.

Many of these people had sweated me out between my fortnightly visits, when I was flying my missions. Now we were all celebrating together. I will never forget the friendliness, the generosity, the real working class hospitality that these people showed me, a stranger in their country. They indeed made for me a "home away from home." "Anglo-American unity" for me is no longer a desirable but abstract phrase. I have learned to know and love the real people of England. When fascism is defeated, the war is over and I return home, I will always carry the warmth of their love in my heart.

Staff Sergeant Beiswenger is a former Daily Worker correspondent now assigned to an 8th Air Force bomber station in England. An upper turret gunner, he has completed thirty-one missions and was recently awarded an Air Force Medal for heroism.

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THE DEADLY BULLITT

By THE EDITORS

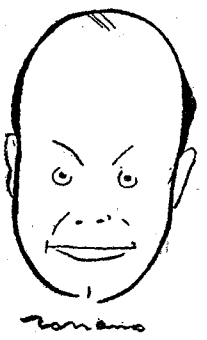
WE HOPE that some day in the not too remote future, after this decade's historical score is tallied, there will be erected in Washington a museum dedicated to reminding the nation who it was that brought it close to enslavement by Hitler. In a position of prominence near the entrance we would place the figure of William C. Bullitt, molded out of mud and clay and resting on a heap of skulls imported from Europe's battlefields. Except for the name, the only other word of identification would be "Traitor." That would be the sole memory of a career stippled with treachery and climaxed by service to the enemy.

The Bullitt dossier of crimes perpetrated against the national interest is as long as the man is depraved. Its most recent addition in *Life* is but a sorrier sample of the intrigue he practiced in Moscow, of the plots he wove in the gilded salons of Paris, and of the conspiracies which he now fosters in Rome and France. The European archives when they are opened will link him to every filthy scheme which strengthened the Nazis and brought pain and blood to the Continent. For Bullitt is that classic example of the man whose dread and hatred of progress inevitably brings him into the camp of civilization's gravediggers.

What strikes us about Bullitt's article in the Luce weekly is not alone the lies which occupy it for the most part, as the commentator in *Pravda* so easily showed. Fables and fantasies and falsehoods are the stock in trade of every political criminal auctioning his country to its foes. It is the timing of Bullitt's article as a contribution to the Republican campaign and what he seeks to achieve at the present moment. Bullitt at present is without a party. As a Democrat he chose to follow a road leading away from the administration's foreign policy, and with that his descent into political oblivion began. He could not even get a commission in the United States Army. He has no standing in Washington and his animosity towards the President is a matter of common knowledge.

But a man with Bullitt's consuming ambitions needs a political home. For without a political party to support him his hunger for power and prestige remain frustrated. And it is hardly accidental that Bullitt makes an effort to recoup his losses in the pages of *Life*, which is becoming more and more the official outlet for the propaganda of the Republican National Committee.

With the blessings of its owner, Bullitt can, in *Life*, attack the administration and heap scorn upon it for not pursuing his "carrot and club" policy towards the Soviet Union. Bullitt calls Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to exact certain promises from Moscow in return for aid given it a "tragic" error for the country and for the people of the world. This is of a piece with the plea made by Bullitt several months ago that the Allies launch no second front unless the Red Army promised not to go beyond its borders in smashing the Nazis. In other words if the Russians pursued the Germans to Berlin, hacked the Wehrmacht to bits and made the fullest contribution towards destroying Nazidom, then we were to withhold all assistance.



Such was Bullitt's way of continuing the design of Munich of which he was an architect. And he is given generous quantities of space by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce to sound the alarm in behalf of Herbert Hoover and Colonel McCormick that the Bolsheviks are menacing Europe, with Mr. Roosevelt giving them *carte blanche* to do so. In payment, if the Republicans should gain victory in November Bullitt would be rewarded with a juicy diplomatic post.

There is so much that is shameful and disgraceful about Bullitt's article—shameful because there are Americans who still write such tracts in the enemy's interest and disgraceful because an American publication will print them—that one wonders how it was released by the censor. However that happened, the fact is clear that Bullitt's diatribe is a measure of the last ditch stand all the evil and corrupt will make before they are hammered down in defeat. That last stand, so apparent from what Bullitt writes, is again to raise the Red bogey and warn his friends to act quickly to avoid a complete German defeat and to keep national socialism alive long enough—by arranging a soft peace—until it can come back to fight the Soviet Union another day. Fifteen years hence Bullitt would have Britain and the United States joint the Germans in another "crusade" against Bolshevism. He would again spill American blood and build a western *cordon sanitaire* against the USSR; he would again pursue the objective of ridding Russia of Soviet power. He failed to do it once, just as Hitler's titanic efforts to achieve the same thing have failed.

But he will not give up trying. He knows well that after Dumbarton Oaks, that after the union of the Allies in Yugoslavia and soon in Berlin, the chances for success for what he and his friends want, whether they be in England or in this country or in the Vatican, are slim indeed. But as long as the largest weekly publication in the world will devote nine pages to his lethal blasts and as long as there are influential circles within the Republican fold who will give him moral support while they drive wedge after wedge between the western Allies and the Soviet Union—then so long will Bullitt feel confident that all is not yet lost.

WITH the publication of Bullitt's piece, the editors of *Life* and its boss, Henry Luce, have sunk to the heights of a grasshopper's knee. After the stacks of protests they will receive, they are certain to hide behind all the assorted cliches about freedom of the press and after all Bullitt was expressing his own opinions, or those gathered from anonymous Italians. One may ask what right has anyone to spread the germs of bubonic plague? And anti-Sovietism is every bit as deadly as that epidemic wherever it has struck. Besides, if Bullitt was expressing his own opinions, why foist them on intelligent Americans whose sons are destroying the perpetrators of those political policies for which Bullitt and Hitler are notorious? If Henry Luce pursues the line now unfolding in *Life* in order to advance his wife's political career and foster his own American Century politics, he will quickly earn the right of standing at Bullitt's side in that national museum of ill fame.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

DEWEY'S DOUBLE GAME

A SMALL, dishonest man stood up in Philadelphia last week to convince the American people why he should be chosen to the highest office of our land. A small, dishonest man. Small, because he completely indicted himself as one to whom the national interest was subordinate to personal and partisan preferment; dishonest, because his arguments failed to jibe with known fact. His initiation of the official GOP campaign indicated the type of fighting we can expect from the Republican strategists—a low-down, dishonest brawling disregarding every rule of decency or national pride. And we take into consideration that political battles have all too often been waged with small regard for Marquis of Queensberry rules. But these are days when the future of our nation, of mankind, are in the balance, and one could reasonably expect a candidate to take these factors into consideration.

His opening speech (we shall discuss his others later) purported to deal with our domestic economy: to convince us that we stand a better chance for economic security under his guidance than under Mr. Roosevelt's. To do that he sought to convince us that the sun rises in the West, somewhere near Palo Alto, and sets in the East, in the neighborhood, say, of the present White House incumbent. Wrong in his economics, scurrilous in his politics, his speech was totally devoid of any positive proposals to achieve what he contends he stands for. And its overtones, many of its very phrases, were astoundingly reminiscent of that Republican nabob whose association with Mr. Dewey is being carefully kept under wraps. (It must have been Mr. Hoover himself who wrote in the term "dole" which appears seven times in the Philadelphia speech, and which must have raised disturbing memories to millions who lived in Hoovervilles in the early thirties while the Great Engineer and his associates thundered against unemployment insurance with that horrific appelation.)

Mr. Dewey's blunderbuss discharged two main volleys at Philadelphia: one, that the Roosevelt administration "has been the most wasteful, extravagant, and incompetent administration in the history of the nation" and secondly, he cast doubt upon the administration's intentions concerning the demobilization of troops. To substantiate the first charge, Mr. Dewey literally ignores history, in effect laying the depression of the thirties at the door of Mr. Roosevelt. To make the second charge, the Republican hopeful had to ignore the very recent ruling of the War Department concerning demobilization of the armed forces. Mr. Dewey will have a hard time making the mud stick; his reliance upon the possibility that the people have mighty short memories will undoubtedly boomerang—particularly, if the issues are made clear, the facts brought forward, by those who stand for a Roosevelt victory.

IT IS not easy for a Hoover apologist to convince the American people that Mr. Roosevelt is responsible for the crisis of our economy during the thirties. And, in fact, Mr. Dewey tangled himself in plenty of contradictions before he was through. People remember that the depression dated back to the Stock Market crash in 1929 after Mr. Hoover had grandiosely promised "Two chickens in every pot, and an automobile in every garage." They recall the millions unemployed, the banks closing, the farms foreclosed; the hunger, the fear, the misery. They recall, too, that it was under Mr. Roosevelt that people began to eat three square meals a day, again; that the banks opened, that the farmers regained the soil. And they know how Mr. Roosevelt went about achieving these ends; by the very means which Mr. Dewey cavalierly disposes of in a single paragraph:

"Of course," he says, "we need security regulation. Of course, we need bank-deposit insurance. Of course, we need price support for agriculture. Of course, the farmers of this country cannot be left to the hazards of a world price while they buy their goods on an American price. Of course, we need unemployment insurance and old-age pensions and also relief whenever there are not enough jobs. Of course the rights of labor to organize and bargain collectively are fundamental." But, we may ask, who was responsible for putting these measures into effect? Hoover or Roosevelt? And who fought these measures while they were being promulgated: Hoover or Roosevelt? And Mr. Dewey does not dare collide with these necessities head-on. But a glance at his record and that of his associates in Congress in recent months, tells a different story. They have sabotaged legislation for orderly reconversion, decent unemployment insurance in the name of the "dole," in the name of "states' rights." They have adopted a program that is in direct contradiction to the requirements of our time. And with Mr. Dewey's blessings, for he has done nothing in his home state to indicate that he holds a contrary position to that of his fellow-Republicans in Congress.

And more: his speech is crammed with rhetoric concerning his belief in America. "They [the New Dealers] are afraid of a continuance of their own failures to get this country going again. They are afraid of America. I do not share that fear." He is "sure of our future, if we get a national administration which believes in our country." This is presidential candidate Dewey in Philadelphia, September 7. But Governor Dewey, in Albany, August 3, had other fish to fry:

"I think," he declared, "everyone recognizes that there will be a very substantial reduction in production when the war is over—a very substantial one, over-all and national." That doesn't, somehow, jibe with his latest declarations. Which Mr. Dewey are we to believe? The people, having learned through tragic experience to measure words against deeds, will know which Dewey to believe.

Finally, on this score, the Republican candidate reiterates his party's favorite dodge: that the administration is opposed to "private enterprise." Dewey says: "We must also have a government which believes in enterprise and government policies which encourage enterprise." But any honest observer knows the government seeks to convert war industry to peacetime requirements through "private enterprise." What was the government-sponsored Baruch report if not a program relying upon "pri-

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vate enterprise"? What do the recent WPB orders mean to anybody who can read plain English? They give the green light to private industry to go ahead and do the necessary job. Mr. Dewey's speech was obviously written before the recent WPB order which challenges his Philadelphia premise. We wonder if liaison with his speech-writers was so poor that he couldn't make the necessary alterations, or whether he simply believes that the American people have altogether ceased reading newspapers.

Perhaps his most shameful performance was the charge that the administration fears to demobilize the armed forces. "The New Deal prepares to keep men in the Army because it is afraid of a resumption of its own depression. They can't think of anything for us to do once we stop building guns and tanks."

BUT what is the reality? What is the record? Aside from the fact that Mr. Dewey brushes aside the recent War Department rulings concerning demobilization, he ignores the intention of the Roosevelt supporters as indicated in the Kilgore-Murray demobilization bill, which was defeated by the Republicans and their poll tax allies. Only three Republicans voted for it. This bill specifically stated: "The War and Navy Departments shall discharge from the armed forces of the United States, the men and women serving therein during the present war as rapidly as the appropriate department determines that the services of such persons are no longer needed for the prosecution of the war and for the national defense, and shall not retain such persons in the armed forces merely for the purpose of preventing unemployment or awaiting opportunities for employment." Sen. Harry S. Truman, Mr. Roosevelt's running mate, sponsored that bill.

And the lie was further given to Dewey's irresponsible charges when War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes made public a report on the progress of administration plans for reconversion and reemployment.

It was characteristic of the man that he ignored these realities: for his is a campaign of desperation. To face up genuinely to issues means his defeat: he can only conjure up bugaboos and hope that the American people will be stampeded into accepting his position.

IN LOUISVILLE, where they breed fine horses, the featherweight jockey from Albany tried the unenviable feat of riding two of them at the same time. One of them might be called "International Collaboration" and the other, bred in Colonel McCormick's stable for wild stallions, "Isolation, Jr." And the more we read Dewey's speeches, the more we are impressed with the governor's brilliant talent for cancelling himself out in a frenzy of contradictions. But there is method to this seeming madness. Dewey knows that no presidential aspirant can hope to win the decisive independent vote unless, at the very least, he pays lip service to what are well established administration policies in the conduct of foreign affairs. For three-quarters of the way Dewey, therefore, plagiarized Roosevelt—with of course none of the Rooseveltian *elan* and none of the Roosevelt record which gives substance to words.

And the record is pivotal. Dewey has a record also and to estimate his Louisville speech without placing it side by side with some of the others he has made is to fall into sad error. Dewey in his drive for votes now says that "we must continue close cooperation among the four great powers." Yet a year ago it was Dewey who spoke up for an exclusive Anglo-American alliance as opposed to a durable understanding among the leading countries of the coalition. Dewey now also agrees with the Roosevelt concept of a world mechanism to maintain peace. Yet it was only a few weeks ago, on the eve of the Dumbarton Oaks conference, that Dewey charged that that mechanism was impracticable because the Big Four would rule over the small nations. How does one square these peculiar collisions in Dewey's thought (or is it John Foster Dulles'?) They cannot be squared because it is obvious that Dewey's thinking is based on reading the anemometer of public opinion and then finding words to meet it. His thinking is not based on principle or on any forthright understanding of the meaning of grand alliance in the interests of preserving the peace and postwar prosperity. Mr. Dewey's words are those of the political opportunist who squirms backwards and forwards trying to cash in on the deepest yearnings of our people for a calm world and a lasting friendship among all the Allies.

The real significance of Dewey's remarks at Louisville are to be found in those outrageous references to what he calls "Washington wasters" and "an American WPA for all the rest of the world." At least these sniper's words have the virtue of consistency, for this is what the Republican high command has been saying long before it discovered Dewey to say it for them. But their virtue ends there and, more important, they reveal the kind of participation in international life a Dewey administration would envisage. Such momentous meetings as the one at Bretton Woods would in the Dewey parlance be an "American WPA"; such massive contributions as we have made in the form of lend lease or in the extension of funds for relief and rehabilitation would be considered the work of "Washington wasters." In fact everything the government has done to bring a speedy conclusion to the war by helping our allies and thereby helping ourselves would be discontinued in their peacetime version. In the Dewey economics of the peace the dog-eat-dog philosophy would prevail and the high and mighty among Dewey's friends would in the interests of "thrift" make us the pariah of the earth.

Chaos on X-Day?

HOUSE and Senate conferees still were deadlocked on reconversion legislation as we went to press. But in the face of Mr. Dewey's poetical incantation about faith, which he offers as his program on reconversion, the administration showed that despite the do-nothing approach in Congress it did not intend to have the country thrown into chaos with X-day.

The WPB program announced last week of relinquishing virtually all controls not essential to continued production for the war on Japan, as soon as Germany is defeated, should do much to speed reconversion. And how GOPers can continue to pretend to see private enterprise threatened by postwar controls is difficult to see. War Mobilization Director Byrnes a few days earlier announced establishment of a War Plants Utilization Committee to develop plans for conversion of fifteen billion dollars' worth of war plants. Present operators of the plants are expected to be urged to continue using them for peacetime production.

WPB made it clear it would countenance no "free-for-all" materials grab and Acting Director Krug said "If some fellows seem about to be crushed, we'll give them help." Bernard Baruch, who the week before had called for unemployment compensation legislation as "first" legislation which should be delayed no longer, asked authorization for the Federal Reserve System and Smaller War Plants Corporation to lend money to small businessmen. He remarked that "everyone asks that something be done

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for small business in the reconversion period, but nobody does anything about it," and pointed out that the months'-old Baruch-Hancock report had urged such authorization. At the same time, much more is needed to step up partial, and orderly, reconversion immediately, before Germany's defeat, and legislation such as the Kilgore bill will have to be reintroduced.

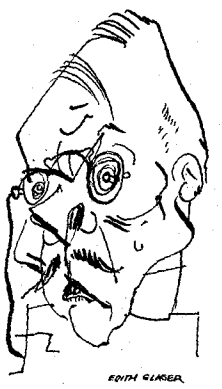
A reminder of the forces which lopped off the decent features of the nonetheless inadequate George bill in the House committee, are the remarks of some members of the Republican-poll tax coalition in the committee. GOP poet Hamilton Fish, who electioneers in verse in the *Congressional Record*, had little of Dewey's faith when he said, without any touch of the muse in his words: "You might as well remind the people in advance, who are receiving the enormous war wages and overtime, that after the war is over that will all disappear and we go back to normal American standards of wages and living which are the highest of any country in the world." Explaining the killing of provisions to pay transportation costs for moving workers to new jobs or former homes, and retraining workers, Thomas A. Jenkins, Ohio Republican and old foe of OPA, spoke in his own homely and unpoetical fashion. War workers "have no doubt accumulated something which will tide them over until they can again become located." And: "The program to train workers would tend to bind them together and eventually put them into ruts out of which it would be difficult for them to extricate themselves." The administration is facing the facts of post-X-day life. When will Congress?

Rents and Inflation

THE New York rent controversy contains the thin end of the wedge that may wreck not only residential rent control but also encourage the enemies of all price control. Commercial rents are not within the scope of OPA rent regulations, with the result that business rents in numerous cases are being raised by from fifty percent up to 150 percent, and the increases are frozen by five-year leases. Substantial manufacturing and business interests are threatening to move out of New York unless something is done about it. Mayor La Guardia's Committee on Rents is virtually helpless and demands state legislation to institute commercial price ceilings.

The commercial rent profiteers are being supported by the concerted efforts of the owners and agents of residential properties who demand a flat ten percent increase on the plea of increased costs and needs of "postwar reserves." After careful consideration the OPA has rejected their plea, labelling it "efforts of landlords to break rent control."

The New York rent situation is a small-scale illustration of the potential dangers of partial price regulation and the inflationary consequences of its relaxation. The owners of commercial properties are apprehensive lest the end of the war result both in lower demands for space and decline in rents. Therefore they are grabbing exhorbitant rents and seeking to perpetuate them in long-term leases. Their fear of peace and rent ceilings is driving them towards the camp of the enemies of all social regulation of economic processes. The owners of residential properties for the same reasons are desperately seeking to wreck rent control. Both groups are coordinating their anti-social moves with the Republican campaign against the administration war policies. The residential landlords characterize the OPA refusal to grant the rent increase as a "Robin Hood Act"—the robbing of the rich for the benefit of the poor—a fitting campaign issue for Mr. Dewey.



This attempt at relatively small disruption of rent controls, if successful, may well lead in the direction of endangering our entire postwar recovery program. Especially towards the end of the war, price controls must be all inclusive and rigidly enforced if the social regulation and successful planning of our economy is to survive the war period. In this respect we should recall the disastrous consequences of removing all regulations and controls in 1918.

Go to School

THE school bells are ringing, but how many American boys and girls will take their seats in the classroom this fall? It seems a strange thing in the USA to wonder if children will go to school. But in the summer of 1943 over five million boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen went to work, and when the high schools opened in the fall 400,000 fewer students enrolled. The year before the war began there were a million more boys and girls in high school than there are now. A million American boys and girls who are working instead of going to school.

They have been doing important jobs, America's children, in war plants, on the home front, satisfied that the glory should go to their older brothers and sisters on the firing lines. But America needs children with schooling. We cannot have too many young citizens who know mathematics, science, the art of writing. We will need young people who know their own history and traditions, who know their own culture and the cultures of the other nations with whom we are to build the postwar world, with a knowledge of languages and many other things. Civic and federal authorities are urging that there be campaigns in every community to persuade these young people to return to school. A National Go-to-School drive is being conducted by the Children's Bureau of the US Department of Labor and the US Office of Education. The national and all local War Manpower Commissions are instructed to help with school-and-work programs where necessary, to see that the education of teen-age citizens is not stinted. They are urging parent-teacher bodies, employers, school administrators, civic organizations, labor organizations, young people's groups to work through existing organizations or to set up committees promptly in their communities to reenlist young people in the schools. They can serve to persuade them and their parents of its wisdom where persuasion is necessary, and to ensure that work and school activities where they are combined are in the best interests of the young people concerned. And they have provided a handbook to speed such undertakings that can be had for five cents from the US Government Printing Office in Washington, D. C.

Quebec and Asia

THERE is no point to speculating what Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill will talk about at their second Quebec meeting. In time there will be an official communique in addition to press interviews and the world will have a fair idea of the nature of their discussions. What will come out of this conference is certain not to delight Tokyo; in fact it will give it the screaming meemies. The makeup of the Prime Minister's entourage, undoubtedly to be matched by the President's, is indicative that military

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matters in the Pacific will occupy the leading place on a varied agenda. Hitlerdom's imminent debacle calls for a planned shifting of Allied might to the Far East and a hastening of the schedule to bring Japan to its already quaking knees. Perhaps we shall hear again a reaffirmation of the decisions taken at the Cairo conference. But this time a more elaborate pronouncement of policy is obviously due. For while the Cairo agreement posed the military premises for the defeat of the Japanese, the agreement by itself does not lay the foundation for a stable Asia of independent nations economically and politically secure. A statement of perspective which more than promises that Asia will not be reconstituted on the quicksands of colonialism is certain to bring its millions closer to our side and help us in carrying the burdens of successful warfare. Vice-President Wallace in his pamphlet, *Our Job in the Pacific*, made an excellent beginning in this direction and his opinions are reflective of the thinking in responsible government circles. But more will have to be done to translate this thinking into an effective program. Dependent upon it is both victory and the maintenance of American peacetime production, for which Asia is the largest potential market.

Starvation in Italy

THE situation of the Italian people is heartrending. Recent dispatches from Italy reveal widespread starvation, an alarming incidence of disease, an entire population whose physical stamina has been so reduced that infant and adult mortality has risen to unprecedented heights. Tuberculosis has affected one out of every five Romans, and no immediate relief is in sight.

The situation is also disgraceful. For there can be no doubt that much of the suffering and much of the political confusion which continues to cloud the atmosphere result from the almost unbelievable ineptness of the Allied Military Government. The unity government formed by all anti-fascist groups of the Italian people, now headed by Ivanoe Bonomi, is not permitted to use its initiative. It is subservient to the AMG whose enormous staffs are riddled with officers who either have no experience to fit them for this difficult assignment or who as ex-colonial officials in the British service are accustomed to deal with those over whom they rule as second-class citizens. The Allied record, therefore, in the political, civil, relief, and health fields in the first nation liberated from the Axis is exceedingly poor.

What is obviously required is an immediate relief program on the widest possible scale. Such relief will doubtless require the shipment of food from this country and therefore involve shipping on which the war itself has priority. There would seem to us to be no conflict here, inasmuch as the only sensible approach to the Italian problem is to regard all aspects of it as parts of the military front. To continue things as they are today is to spread demoralization, to risk social and political disaster.

Leaders of the Italian-American community have urged that Italy be given the benefits of lend-lease, for only the scale that this federal procedure provides can cope with the situation. But to apply lend-lease to Italy that nation must also be given political recognition as a sovereign member of the Allied coalition. That means ridding the Italian people of the incubus of AMG. It is high time that such steps were taken.

The Dangers in India

THE relations between Great Britain and India are deplorable and so is the manner in which it has most recently gained the attention of the American public. Senator Happy Chandler's motive in publishing the letter written by Ambassador William Phillips to President Roosevelt in May of 1943 was quite obviously not one of helping the Indian people gain their well-deserved freedom. The Kentucky Senator was simply carrying to further extremes his efforts to make trouble between the United States and Great Britain and to embarrass the President.

It is regrettable that the unsolved problem of India should thus be made a political football kicked around by American defeatists. The fact of the matter is, however, that it is made to their order. And until the issue is resolved or until the American government backed by public opinion takes the initiative in helping to bring about a solution between India and Great Britain people like Chandler will go right on exploiting it for their own purposes.

The opinions expressed in Ambassador Phillips' letter reflect those already widely held in this country as well as among progressive circles in Great Britain. It is very likely that they coincide also with the views of the administration. The latter, however, has been wary of pressing the issue for fear of endangering the Anglo-American unity so essential to victory. There can be no question as to the correctness of Mr. Phillips' view that "it would seem to be of highest importance that we should have around us a sympathetic India rather than an indifferent and possibly a hostile India." Indeed the speed and efficiency with which we defeat Japan depends in good part on that very point.

A Fighting Liberal

THE fighting spirit of that frail eighty-three-year-old statesman, former Sen. George W. Norris, should be a reproach to all those liberals who become frightened and overwhelmed at the postwar job ahead. For Norris believed firmly in the emergence of a greater America and he continued until his death to work toward that end. One of his last acts was to accept the honorary chairmanship of the National Citizens' Political Action Committee.

Here was a perfect refutation of Mr. Dewey's accent on youth, his insistence that vigorous young men replace the tried administrators of government. George Norris never lost his youthful spirit, and, nominally a Republican, he never swerved in his allegiance to the Roosevelt administration.

President Roosevelt, in a statement after his death, declared "a tower of strength has been laid low, and a grand old champion of popular rights has made his journey." Norris' career, which began in 1903 as a Republican Representative, was highlighted by his fight for Muscle Shoals and for state development of water power in general. As chairman of the Senate Agricultural Committee he sponsored many agricultural reforms which were enacted into law. He was largely responsible for the Twentieth Amendment, ending "lame duck" terms for defeated Congressmen. During the Harding and Coolidge administrations he was an uncompromising foe of all the reactionary legislation passed. He was active in uncovering the Teapot Dome scandals.

It is ironic that the author of the TVA, the co-author of the Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction law, the fighter for the common man, was succeeded in the Senate by a small-town undertaker whose dubious counsel is sought by the GOP high command. Senator Wherry, a member of the GOP Senate steering committee, captured Norris' seat when Norris remained in Washington to work for needed administration measures and neglected his campaign. The best Norris memorial we can think of is a big turnout of the electorate in November.

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AROUND THE WORLD

THE OUTLOOK FOR GREECE

By DEMETRIOS CHRISTOPHORIDES

So swift and radical are the changes of scene on the Balkan stage that one has often to adopt new angles of vision for the appraisal of political developments and possibilities in Greece. Until a few weeks, or even days, ago, the problem for the Greek world was how to form a government of national unity in exile. Despite the hypothetical success of the Lebanon Conference, practical application of the agreement proved extremely difficult because Greek royalist circles in Cairo, supported by British reactionaries, began to undermine the agreement (known as the National Contract) almost immediately after it had been reached.

The National Liberation Front (EAM), the Political Committee for National Liberation (PEEA), and the Communist Party of Greece (KKE) denounced the Greek premier, George Papandreou, for his bad faith as evidenced in such instances: (a) the filling of important cabinet posts with representatives of unimportant parties or groups while the EAM, the PEEA, and the KKE were given meaningless portfolios; (b) the appointment of General K. Ventiris as commander in chief when it is a well known fact that Ventiris is both anti-Russian and anti-Communist —this coupled with the fact that at the head of the Greek Brigade in Italy was placed a former collaborationist in the Athens quisling government; (c) the reorganization of the Greek army in such a manner as to dissolve the ELAS, the army of the EAM; (d) Papandreou's failure to denounce the Security Battalions of John Rhallis' quisling government.

The gap between the Papandreou government and the EAM-PEEA-KKE seemed almost unbridgeable when on August 19 the latter groups informed the cabinet in Cairo that they were willing to participate in it on the basis of the Lebanon agreement, without any other specific conditions, as far as is now known. They are now in the government with the three groups being represented by Professor Svolos as minister of finance; M. Porphyrogennis, minister of labor; Elias Tsirimokos, minister of national economy; Mr. Zevgos, minister of agriculture; Mr. Ascoutsis, minister of communications; and Mr. Angelopoulos.

Interestingly enough, before these government transformations took place three cabinet ministers resigned. They were S. Venizelos, vice-premier; K. Ventiras, minister without portfolio (both he and Venizelos are leaders of the Liberal Party); and Mr. Mylonas, minister of the navy and an agrarian leader. One report has it that these three did not agree either with the decisions taken in Rome by Churchill and Papandreou, or with the arbitrary methods used by the Greek premier. But in my opinion these resignations, or rather casualties, are symptoms of the extreme fluidity of the situation in the Greek government in exile—a fluidity caused by the approaching liberation of Greece and the unwillingness for various reasons of some of the cabinet members to go to Greece in a ministerial capacity.

The reported disagreements over the decisions made in Rome may have something to do with the over-nationalistic policies of the resigned ministers or with the special willingness of Premier Papandreou to accept the British suggestions concerning Greece—suggestions which may be good or bad. In any case, while the participation of the EAM, PEEA, and KKE in the government is a very important step in the proper direction, generally speaking no exact appraisal of this new development is possible without taking into account the fact that the scene of the Greek drama is being shifted from Cairo to Greece and this process may be completed before these lines appear in print. The decision of the EAM, PEEA, and KKE may have been influenced by the fact that most of the guarantees that they had asked for may no longer be necessary either because the Greek government in exile may soon be transferred to liberated Greek territory where the people themselves will block any attempt to restore any one of the past anti-people's regimes, or because Mr. Churchill and Mr. Papandreou have backed down from their previous stubborn and unrealistic attitude towards the EAM, the PEEA, and the KKE.

We should also, in this connection, keep in mind the fact that, in view of the startling developments in the Balkans, the internal affairs of Greece are becoming less and less subject to the necessities of military jurisdiction and more and more to the joint decisions taken at the Moscow and Teheran conferences in regard to the rights of nations to determine their own form of government.

A more detailed picture of the contradictions in the Greek government in exile as it exists now is needed not only as a matter of history but also as a means for attaining a correct perspective of Greece's future. To begin with, I will quote a significant paragraph from a monarchist sheet published in Greece under the name of *Greek Blood*. It is part of an editorial called "Greece—England": "To believe that the Allies are fighting against Germany is an illusion. There is no Germany and the Allies are fighting for the attainment of those military presuppositions which are indispensable for the inevitable conflict some day between Anglo-Saxonism and Slavism." This quotation was reproduced in the *News Bulletin* (No. 13) issued by the Greek anti-fascist forces of the Middle East. The paragraph is characteristic of the illusions of the reactionaries of the Munich period.

In the same authoritative bulletin we read the following: "Zervas [General Napoleon Zervas, the Greek Mikhailovich] who at the beginning of 1942 was receiving money from the agent of the Italians, Salustro, by the middle of 1942 collects seventeen thousand pounds from an English service. The same man [Zervas] in September 1943, sent the following message to Cairo: 'If our ally and protector England desires the return of the king for reasons of general necessity, it may be attained even without the consent of the Greek people and we shall not oppose it in the least. We are, in any case, determined to collaborate closely with the royalist

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elements in our country, here and abroad, to hit the Communists decisively.'" By "Communists" Zervas means the EAM-ELAS which he has repeatedly attacked, in violation of previous agreements. The Communists are only a minority among the EAM groups.

But the monarchists are not the only forces opposing the EAM-ELAS-PEEA. The leaders of the Liberal Party and other parliamentary parties have been using their influence to build up an opposition against the people's movement of resistance. In the *News Bulletin* (No. 5), General Stylianos Gonatas, one of the top leaders of the Liberal Party of Greece, is revealed as one of the three leaders of the EDES (National Democratic Greek Army) of which Zervas was commander. The two other leaders are none other than one Papageorge, head of the fire department in Athens, and Tavoularis, minister of public security in the quisling government in Greece. But the most astounding fact is that Gonatas, Papageorge, Tavoularis, and other political leaders collaborated in the formation of the quisling Battalions of Security and, since last October, have unleashed these battalions against the EAM-ELAS.

Of course, all Liberals cannot be listed as reactionaries. Indeed, I think that the great majority of the Liberals are anti-fascists. Liberal General Sariyiannis, former chief of the Greek General Staff, has joined the ELAS along with a great number of Venizelist officers and political leaders. There are indications that this collaboration among the Monarchist-Liberal elements and the quisling government of Athens is tolerated and even encouraged by the Nazi authorities in Greece, who have also been in contact with emissaries of British Munich circles, perhaps beyond the control but not necessarily beyond the knowledge of the British government. Political fifth columnists have recently been very active within all democratic governments.

Let us emphasize here, however, the fact that it would be a mistake to say that the reactionaries of all types plotting against the EAM necessarily mean to benefit Hitler. The Hitler forces have known for some time that, sooner or later, they would have to quit Greece. It was in their interest to leave behind them a regime which, besides facilitating their swift retreat, would aid them later on in the peace councils, especially if such councils could be set up in the way the American reactionaries, under Republican leadership, recommend: councils packed with reactionary regimes of small nations designed to block the peace plans envisaged at Teheran. There are even indications that Greek and British reactionaries have approached Gestapo authorities in Athens and formulated plans for a Greek regime after the Nazis have disappeared from the scene.

Perhaps, as I have said, before this is published tremendous political and military changes will have occurred in Greece. The advance of the Red Army in Rumania, the Bulgarians' warring against the Nazis and other developments in that area are shaking the foundations of the Nazi military positions. The Red Army is reaching Yugoslavia where it will be joined by the Tito forces. Tito has already been cooperat-

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE NOOSE DRAWS TIGHTER

GERMAN radio propaganda, after painting variegated but on the whole very gloomy pictures of the general situation in Germany in the war, said the other day that despite the troubles which are besetting the Reich, the Wehrmacht would doubtless "master the situation." I don't know, of course, what the Germans mean by this exactly, but it is plausible that they should mean the creation of a stalemate east, west, and south. This stalemate would tide them over the presidential election in the USA (which, of course, they fervently hope Mr. Dewey will win) and the coming winter. After that —one would see. The Germans at this juncture cannot hope for anything better.

The Germans promised "V-2's" which would practically plow up Great Britain. Instead—the "V-1's" have petered out. The Germans promised an offensive in Italy. Instead they are being pushed out of the Gothic Line and soon will have to move to more northern quarters. The Germans promised a stabilization of the Eastern Front. Instead the Red Army has demolished the entire German edifice in the Balkans and is now corroding the Narev defense line north of Warsaw. The Germans promised that the satellites would stick by them to the end. Instead, Rumania and Finland and Bulgaria have fallen out of step, with Slovakia in some degree of revolt. In fact, the only real satellites left to Hitler are Austria and Hungary. Of the subjugated countries only Czechoslovakia, Greece, Denmark and Norway have not felt the tread of liberating armies, and this situation will not last long.

The Germans have darkly hinted at horrible weapons they would use, but so far they haven't. They have threateningly implied that they would "turn Germany over to the Bolsheviks," but despite the servile clarioning of the Bullitts, nobody has been scared very much — perhaps because, among other things, the threat was coupled with a constant reinforcement of the Eastern Front by the German High Command. The hardest fighting of the whole war is still going on before East Prussia, along the Bend of the Vistula and on the approaches to Silesia. All this does not jibe with such a threat. And all these failures and lies will not win the war for Germany. Something different will have to be done in order to "master the situation."

First, a look at that situation. The center of gravity of the war in Europe remains on the Eastern Front; along the Narev, to be exact. This statement is based on the following: the bulk of the German army, i.e., probably close to seventy percent of its fighting might is still on the Eastern Front. It may be safely said that half of the German army is now crammed in between the Dvina and the Carpathians, i.e., on the 600-mile front stretching from Yelgava near the Gulf of Riga to Sanok at the entrance to the Lupkov Pass in the

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TWO POETS

By AARON KRAMER

EXILE FROM A FUTURE TIME, *posthumous volume of poems by Sol Funaroff, edited by John Varney. Dynamo. Paper 60¢; cloth $1.25.*

NO ROAD BACK, *Poems by Walter Mehring. In German, with translations by S. A. de Witt. Illustrated by George Grosz. Samuel Curl. $2.00.*

SOL FUNAROFF is the splendid poet of American labor. Many volumes will be dedicated to him, proudly carrying his words. Here is the first.

He published one book in 1938—*The Spider and the Clock.* Five thousand copies were sold, unusual for poetry, and a few critics let the golden lines dazzle them. But the earth was aquiver with events to come, and Sol was a young man, and plenty of poets were in circulation. Somehow the book was gobbled up and left behind. During the winter of 1942, while the epic of Stalingrad blazed, Sol lay in a hospital, writing notes for a long poem which must be worthy of such a city. Unfortunately, the poem does not exist. During the winter Sol died. And so there was nothing left to do but look around, gather up the scattered pieces—from journals, from notes, from scraps of paper—and put them together into a book. John Varney undertook the task. He found a group of Negro "blues" songs, some unfinished poems, a few prose pieces that could easily have been free verse, lyrics, monologues on current events, and a cantata of the Jewish people. As a foreword he used statements from Herbert Kline of the films, Genevieve Taggard, and Sol's brother, Urie Funaroff.

In some respects this posthumous collection reveals a genuine growth. At the very outset we hear a new kind of singing—homely, humorous, lively phrases as good as anything of Langston Hughes:

Lemme tell you a story bout that nasty man. . . .
He talks high an mighty with a voice like thunder
But he's so low you can't crawl under. . . .
I went to the cupboard, the cupboard was bare,
Oh, oh, oh, that nasty man was there.
Got so hungry thought his heart would melt,
He went and cut another notch in my belt.
Put my hand in my pocket for a penny in my purse,
Oh, oh, oh, that man got there first. . . .
Before I die and they put me in a hearse
I'll see that nasty man get there first.
("Mean Man Blues")

And the agonizingly calm description that only a deep understanding and love could have imagined:

The meal's long over. The room is strangely silent.
My child sleeps. My wife is thinning thread.
Her gaze is sharpened upon the needle;
Upon her lap the frugal cloth's outspread.

We once walked in the cool streets at evening.
Now I sit at the window, stars overheard.
The dark tenement walls are before me.

Memorandum for Patriots

NOVEMBER is not far off—all over the country the election campaign is intensifying. Everywhere people are gathering together to pledge their support to President Roosevelt, people who know the importance of the right kind of peace and postwar world for our country.

In New York one of the most exciting pre-election events is the meeting scheduled for September 21 at Madison Square Garden, sponsored by the Independent Voters Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Roosevelt. The main speaker will be Vice President Henry A. Wallace, opening his campaign for the Commander-in-Chief in his first public appearance since the National Democratic Convention in July. Other speakers will include Bette Davis, representing the film and theatrical personalities on the committee, and Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, spokesman for those in the field of music.

The Independent Voters Committee of the Arts and Sciences has as its members more than 750 writers, educators, scientists, motion picture, radio, and theatrical people with a common aim—to support Roosevelt in the coming election. In their organizational statement they quote as their purpose the President's own words: "To win this war wholeheartedly, unequivocally and as quickly as we can is our task of the first importance. To win this war in such a way that there can be no further world wars in the foreseeable future is our second objective. To provide occupations, and to provide a decent standard of living for our men in the armed services after the war, and for all Americans, are the final objectives."

The Garden meeting on September 21 is only the first of such events to be sponsored by the committee, who have permanent headquarters at the Hotel Astor. Tickets are on sale at headquarters (open until 10 PM); also at ticket brokers' and bookshops. Price range: sixty cents to $2.40.

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My mind is numb, my body chill,
my day is dead.
("Song of Fatigue")

And the mighty Biblical pulse of "The Exiles":

Awake and sing, you that dwell in the dust.
Gather yourselves together,
gather together, o people not desired,
blow the trumpet. . . .

The brown beast shall perish,
the cities of his pestilence crumble,
you shall rise in the dust of their cities
as a people of grass,
as roots out of dry ground.

IN THESE later poems there is less of the sustained splendor, the genius of imagery, the high-riding spirit that distinguishes Funaroff's first volume. These are triumphant only insofar as they capture the true song-rhythms of the people—no longer the product of a visionary high school land, but authentic workers' poems. One can almost sense, while reading, that Sol was becoming too ill, too fatigued for intense concentration. There was no longer a Federal Writers' Project to provide him with the opportunity for creating another masterpiece like "The Bellbuoy." There was no steady job—there was the "poverty" heart. Some of the fragments are heartbreaking to read.

Yet it is from this volume that we must learn. It is from the short biography, from Herbert Kline's revealing anecdotes. Fated to an early death—haunted by poverty and insecurity—what an opportunity for self-pity, for cynicism, for a selfish spinning of beautiful phrases promising immortality! Most of the other poets were doing just that—and with less cause. But Sol had no time for self-pity; he loved the downtrodden too well to think of his own tragedies. He was too busy encouraging other young poets—no time to sponsor himself. He was too busy coming before union meetings and singing:

Look here, I create dreams for you:
young girl fond of the pretty shop windows;
young man bewildered, groping, confused with desires;
housewife tired after her day;
lone woman tired and empty after work.
I offer you dreams not of self and self-glorification,
the baubles of crystal-gazing, deceit and lies,
but a dream of battle, of the future.
Not of gratification and indolence,
the surfeit of well-being and the languor of repose—
such dreams are learned from books, affectations, cooked dainties.
My dream for you concerns a new humanity
where each self develops its epitome in collective achievement.
("Not of Self")

This is for us to learn, to memorize. The devotion, the selflessness, the personal humility and the pride in humanity of Sol Funaroff are more beautiful and immortal than any words he could ever write.

The vision of Sol Funaroff—let us carry it and transplant it for each new generation until we arrive at that Future Time he saw so plainly and proclaimed so confidently:

Where the cities of labor stand. . . .
the state without slave or master,
the cities emerge with song,
the song awakened from labor,
the citizen walks in a country of friends. . . .
("The Main Shapes Arise")

ON THE day preceding the Reichstag fire in February 1933, a new issue of the *Weltbuehne* appeared, including a bitterly satiric poem warning against the beast of Nazism: "The Saga of the Giant Crab":

. . . If this Thing should leave the mire,
Then its savage hordes will surge
Over the earth with death and fire,
A cruel, pestilential scourge. . . .

On the same day the editor, Carl von Ossietzky, was taken to a concentration camp where later he was to die at the very time he was being awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace.

Walter Mehring wrote that poem. For fifteen years he had been collaborating editor of the *Weltbuehne*, a liberal anti-Nazi magazine, gaining recognition as poet, playwright, and novelist. Somehow he managed to escape, leaving behind a heritage of twenty-five *verboten* volumes, ten of which received the highest honor: inclusion in the monstrous book-burning. Through years of exile, escape, and imprisonment, while so many of his colleagues were leaping from the cliffs of despair, Mehring survived. Now in New York, his latest volume has just been published—his first in America.

No Road Back is a diary-like record of those harrowing years. The major poem, "Odyssey Out of Midnight," is in the form of twelve love letters, with the hope that this most personal form of expression might "convey the full impact of Nazi horror upon the individual," and, through him, the collective tragedy of all mankind.

It is the least satisfying poem in the volume. Sharply, indeed, Mehring portrays the impotent prophetic vision of the intellectual—who feels Hitler's nightmare world engulfing his daylight. First in Vienna, then in Paris, at internment camps, the Marseilles waterfront, his sensitive mind is paralyzed, bleeding, or on the run—with the vivid shadows of Nazi beasts intruding everywhere. Yet through the horror of a thousand lines we expect the Odyssey to lead us somewhere—at least to a clear understanding of the causes behind fascism, at most to a faith in the will and strength of mankind toward overpowering this Midnight—as it is now doing.

But Mehring, along with a host of other tragic intellectual figures, seems to have grasped absolutely nothing. An editor of even a liberal anti-Nazi magazine may easily lose contact with the people, lift himself up into a universe of dazzling ideas, and find it difficult to stand on his feet when events pull him back to the ground—like a kite. He can only shout "questions at the Winter night"—and await their return unanswered. His heart bursts at the discovery of how frail and "empty" his words have become. In a dream he is Samson, but he awakens only to a keen awareness of his impotence. Hitler's march becomes inevitable: "The world will soon belong to him," he sighs.

Only the thought of his lover consoles him. Wistfully he dreams:

. . . If only you would come. The rounded bay
Would keep us safe . . . here we might stay
In firm seclusion . . .

And thus, after marvelously painted horrors, a 1,001st line is added, obviously stirring Mr. Mehring and perhaps his friend, but leaving those readers who may have clung through the long journey adrift in the cold waters: "I love you." Where has the Odyssey led us? What gave Walter Mehring the strength to survive? The poem offers no clue.

A group of much shorter pieces follows. They deal mainly with a contrast of Nazi bestiality, and the suffering of innocents. The style, less brilliantly com-

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plicated, less obscure, becomes very powerful and moving. Hard to forget are "The Ritual Tale of Two Jewish Children" and the "Emigrant's Chorale," when, in 1933, Mehring could for a moment see:

that behind the shining spears
that hem the masters in,
all is not well for them . . .

"No road back." But what about forward? Mehring's vision of the future was shattered together with his living world in 1933. None of the poems is hopeful. None of them indicates a way. Perhaps now there will be new songs for Walter Mehring to sing, a new optimism, a love that may extend beyond the most personal to encompass all mankind awaking from its Midnight.

At any rate, here is a record of what fascism did to a sensitive and creative mind. The poetry is often of a high order; never dull. S. A. de Witt's translation, if sometimes too free, sometimes too flowery and forced, is nevertheless a brave assignment and a service to readers incapable of enjoying the original.

Colonel T.

(*Continued from page* 22)

Carpathians, and protecting East Prussia and Germany proper, which lie strategically "naked" beyond the Lower Nieman, Mazurian Lakes, the Narev, the Vistula, and the Dunayetz. This is where the Wehrmacht must be broken, simply because this is where half of it is *in one block*.

The decisive development on this front is the offensive of the Red Army (Zakharov supported by Rokossovsky) in the Bug-Narev sector. The Bug has been left behind by Soviet troops and the Narev has been reached between Ostrolenka and the river's mouth. One more effort and the Narev line will be broken. Then Marshal Rokossovsky may wheel west and southwest, cross the Vistula below (west of) Warsaw and, in a maneuver reminiscent of his "wheel" northwest of Stalingrad, turn southeast, toward Warsaw's rear. At the same time General Zakharov could push on northwestward between the Vistula and East Prussia in order to cut off the Baltic and East Prussian German army groups from the central group in the bend of the Vistula. At the same time Marshal Konev would probably resume his offensive (interrupted in the beginning of August) from the large bridgehead he has built up across the Upper Vistula west of Sandomir.

The battle for the annihilation of the biggest single lump of the German army would probably take the shape of a Rokossovsky-Konev pincers, possibly coordinated by Marshal Zhukov, while Zakharov and Chernyakhovsky would squeeze another pair of pincers on East Prussia, and Bagramian and Maslennikov squeeze Lindemann's group to death in the Baltic. This would appear to be the program for the next month or so.

On the extreme southern wing of the Eastern Front an event of colossal import in inter-Allied strategy is taking shape: the junction of the Red Army with elements of its western allies. Having marched 400 miles from Yassy to Turnu-Severin at the Iron Gate of the Danube in exactly fifteen days, General Malinovsky reached the border of Yugoslavia after having knocked Rumania out of the war. Both he and General Tolbukhin have blocked almost the entire northern border of Bulgaria.

At the same time Allied troops have joined Marshal Tito's forces in an offensive which is moving northeastward through Yugoslavia to meet the Red Army somewhere between the Nish-Belgrade railway and the Danube. The identity of the Allied troops is not clear. They may be Commandos, paratroopers, or regular contingents landed without fanfare on the Yugoslav coast from Italy or even from Africa.

If and when the junction is effected in force, the German divisions in Greece, the Aegean Islands, Albania, and Serbia will be hopelessly trapped and the last props will crumble from under the German Balkan *place d'armes*. The junction (operational and tactical) of the Red Army with its allies from the south and west will, aside from all purely military considerations, be an event of great political and moral import because thousands of American and British officers and men will see the Red Army in action against the common enemy, as well as witness its behavior toward the population. This will smother the Bullitts just as effectively as the Canadian and British troops are smothering the robot-installations. The common struggle against the common foe will become a tactical reality.

In connection with this junction there is a possibility that the Red Army will push past the Iron Gate from Turnu-Severin to Voivodina, which is full of Tito's Liberation Army and which in fact is a great bridgehead on the north bank of the Danube, based on the 150-mile stretch of that river between Belaya Tzerkov and Mohacz. The distance between Turnu-Severin and Belaya Tzerkov is only sixty miles.

In Italy the Gothic Line, although not yet cracked as some papers reported, is cracking, and soon a junction between Patch in the Maritime Alps, Alexander in the Po Valley, and Tito in Istria can be expected, which with the expected junction of Patch and Patton somewhere near Dijon in Burgundy will create a situation where a victory shout originating near Murmansk may roll without interruption around the Carpathians and the Alps to the shores of the English Channel.

In the west the situation is approximately this: the German Fifteenth Army has been split and pressed against the Channel with Boulogne and Calais almost, if not entirely, isolated. The British are pressing toward Rotterdam. General Hodges's First US Army is pushing in the direction of Liege and is probing in the Ardennes. Sedan is ours.

To the right General Patton's Third US Army is roughly along the Moselle, where it has met with a stiffened German resistance. General Patch's Seventh US Army, after capturing Lyon, moved far north of that city and is reported within a couple score of miles of a junction with Patton (around Dijon). Patch's right flank is reported within only a few miles of Belfort.

At this writing, and despite a number of sensational reports to the contrary, nowhere have Allied armies yet come up against the main fortifications of the West Wall, which consist of two lines. One follows roughly the German border and the other follows the Rhine; both lines merge in the sector where the Rhine forms the German border. Between the two branches (Sarre-Meuse and Rhine) there is a powerful bolt position based on the Eiffel mountains, protecting Cologne from the south.

The Germans have lost on all fronts at least a million and a half men since June 6. Their "super-total" mobilization cannot yield them any human material which will be much better than an encumbrance. They have not enough men to man all the walls of their Fortress. Of this there is no doubt. So how can they "master the situation"? They tried to spit venom with their robots. Their fangs have been pulled. Now they will spit all sorts of Bullitts as a last resort. They will spit them westward because things like that don't work in the east. Disruption of Allied unity through the use of internal fascists of the Bullitt type is all the Germans can hope for. There is not a single military method or trick that can save Hitler.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

COLONEL McCOSMIC'S WGN

By TOM CLAYTON

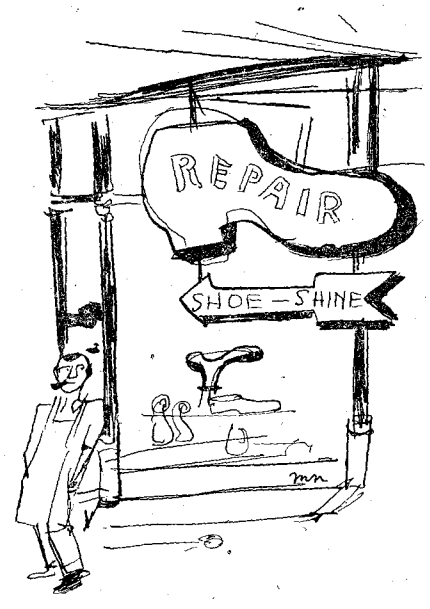
Chicago.

IT IS generally admitted that the editorial policy of the Chicago *Tribune* is something that crawls out of the woodwork daily for the express purpose of contaminating its readers. What about radio station WGN, whose offices are located in that same Gothic Golgotha on Michigan Avenue? Does it reflect the win-the-war-for-Hitler policy which characterizes Colonel McCormick's newspaper? Does the Colonel have a definite plan of attack by air as well as by the press to subvert our collective will to win the war and the peace and create disunity among us? If he has such a plan, the people should know about it. If he hasn't, there should be no objection to an examination of WGN station policy, whatever it is.

On Feb. 4, 1943, a little over a year after Pearl Harbor, all members of the production and continuity departments of WGN received the following inter-department memo: "Following up the memo on the soft pedaling of the use of the term United Nations, I asked Mr. —— if he had any other 'do nots'. The answer I received follows: 'The only things I think of at the moment in addition to "United Nations" is an antipathy for the V for Victory emblem which is regarded as English and not American. We say "win the war" whenever possible. There is also an antipathy for "armed forces" although sometimes it has to be used. Wherever possible we use the name of the armed force, i.e., marine, army, navy, coast guard, etc.' "

This memo came from the front office. Their antipathy for the V for Victory emblem admittedly stems from an anti-British prejudice. What about the "soft pedaling" of the term "United Nations"? This is a favorite expression of President Roosevelt. Colonel McCormick and *Tribune* policy are bitterly antagonistic toward President Roosevelt and the administration. Therefore, it seems obvious that WGN should wish to "soft pedal" the Rooseveltian term "United Nations." The WGN editorial "policy" which resulted from this memo thereafter required the substitution of the word "Allied" for "United," and the phrase "win the war" for "V for Victory."

This is not picayunish quibbling. In radio it is especially true that for any phrase or slogan to be effective, it must be repeated exactly the same way each time it is said. If it is said a certain way one time and a different way the next, radio listeners don't remember it very well, and the campaign's effectiveness is dissipated. During the same spring of 1943, the Office of War Information requested station WGN, along with several hundred stations throughout the nation, to cooperate in airing Victory Garden announcements. The purpose of the OWI, of course, is to achieve a unified publicity campaign to back our war effort. In this case, WGN used the material, but writers in the continuity department were instructed to use the expression "War Gardens" instead of "Victory Gardens." All other stations in the Chicago area ran the "Victory Garden" announcements as directed. Why did WGN insist on editing the phrase to "War Gardens"? This wording tended to confuse the average listener. It made him wonder whether a "War" garden was different from a "Victory" garden. Furthermore, this practice tended to create a feeling that inasmuch as nobody (read "the OWI") could even agree on what to call them, the gardens were probably a pretty haphazard scheme anyway, so why bother about them.



THE apparent lack of coordination reflected, not on WGN, but on the OWI. Remember that while WGN was garnishing OWI messages with its own anti-British and anti-Roosevelt prejudices, the Chicago *Tribune* itself was serving its readers a daily dish of the following headlines: RADIO STATION HEAD ACCUSES FCC OF COERCION (Aug. 5, 1943), TELLS HOW OWI COERCED RADIO THROUGH FCC HELP (August 11), HOW ANNOUNCER WAS GAGGED; FCC FEARS RADIO "DEFEATISM" (August 18), RED INFLUENCES IN OWI CHARGED IN NEW SURVEY (August 23), PROPAGANDA IS SEEN MASSED IN OCD TALKS (September 24). Now you begin to get the picture. While the *Tribune* smears all government agencies in an attempt to discredit the administration, radio station WGN uses its facilities to vitiate the effectiveness of OWI messages. The poison slowly spreads.

In addition to this good work, every Saturday night WGN broadcasts to the Mutual network a one-hour program called "The Chicago Theater of the Air." The core of this sustaining musical program is an oracular talk by the Sage of Tribune Tower, free copies of which are available by simply addressing a letter to the station. On April 8, 1944, for example, the Colonel delivered himself of a "tale of the Manchester Ship Canal and its strange sequel." I hesitate to brief this talk for you, because aside from the fact that the Colonel speaks like a man with a mashed potato in his mouth, he has a tendency to digress. The important thing is that during this talk he made the following statement, which is typical of all his talks: "You will remember through the NRA period the victims that went to jail were all poor, *and at the present time this trial in Washington is bearing heavily upon the people who cannot afford to hire lawyers to give them an adequate defense.*"

I put this in italics because the Colonel

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obviously refers to the sedition trial now being hamstrung in Washington. Throughout the trial, the Colonel has done his best to arouse sympathy for the "poor" persecuted pro-Tribunites charged with Nazi conspiracy. Such references and innuendoes calculated to mould public opinion are not only a deliberate attempt to obstruct justice, but may even constitute an abuse of responsible radio station operation as defined by the Federal Communications Commission. This private campaign of Colonel McCormick to have the sedition trial called off should certainly be looked into. In a talk before the Rotary Club of Reading, Pa., on April 18 (ten days after his allusion to it during the "Chicago Theater of the Air" broadcast), the Colonel said: "I regret that a trial is being carried on in Washington of people of no political consequence, that outrages every American conscience. We should petition Congress to correct this national disgrace." These alleged seditionists are being charged with crime. Does Colonel McCormick consider sedition as "of no political consequence"? The Colonel's unsavory alliance with Elizabeth Dilling, the America Firsters, Harry Jung, and his latest championing of "We the Mothers Mobilize for America" clearly indicates the reason for his fear. (Incidentally, this outraged American Colonel who goes tootling off to Reading, Pa. to espouse his pro-Hitler views is the same Colonel who snipes at Mrs. Roosevelt every time she gets on a train.) But the issue here is whether or not radio station WGN is taking advantage of its facilities in permitting Colonel McCormick to carry his private campaign of hatred and vilification to the nation via Mutual network; and in wilfully distorting official OWI messages with a view to making them correspond more closely to Chicago *Tribune* "policy."

IN HIS latest speech over WGN and the Mutual network, Sept. 2, 1944, the Colonel strengthened his case for isolationism by dwelling on "our unparalleled geographical position," which makes the United States "many times stronger than any other country on earth." In speaking of all the other countries of the world, large and small, the Colonel said: "From time immemorial, they have grouped themselves into alliances either for mutual protection or mutual advantage, and it is hard to believe they will ever do anything else." This, of course, is the Colonel's most fervent hope . . . that no way will ever be found to stop aggressive war lords. By spreading defeatist statements such as this one, the Colonel hopes to ridicule the Atlantic Charter and Teheran. Once you admit the futility of trying to enforce peace, you must also admit the hopelessness of a Bretton Woods monetary conference, where forty-seven nations of the world gather to work out a plan whereby they can live together in peace and prosperity. If human nature can never be changed and wars are inevitable, another conference at Dumbarton Oaks is pretty silly . . . probably just another red herring the New Deal has produced to keep that mental Gargantua of Albany out of the White House.

Under the pretext of operating in "public interest, convenience, and necessity," this is the sort of defeatist, anti-Roosevelt propaganda we'll be getting from WGN and Mutual's affiliated "independent" stations. It may be more than coincidence that through these Mutual microphones pass the most reactionary speeches outside the Reich . . . those of Red-baiters Burton Holmes and Norman Thomas who appear on WGN's "Distinguished Guest" hour, George E. Sokolsky, Upton Close, Fulton Lewis, Jr., John B. Hughes, and other fair-haired boys of the aging Colonel and the weary Corporal.

Radio, like the press, definitely moulds public opinion. But a mould that bears the trademark of Tribune Tower has a good chance of warping any individual subjected to its influence for a considerable length of time. It is especially important that American radio listeners be on their guard during the coming months when phony campaign issues cloud the political air. The best warning I can think of comes straight from Colonel McCormick's own publicity department: "Watch WGN and Mutual!"

FILMS

"DOUBLE INDEMNITY," at the Paramount, is not only the best thriller to hit the screen since *Maltese Falcon*, it is also one of the finest films that has come along in many a day. Raymond Chandler, one of the better writers of hardboiled detective fiction, has invested the script with a muscular

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dialogue that has genuine literary quality, and the direction of Billy Wilder gives the necessary pace, emphasis, and tone which this type of story requires.

For once, the use of the flashback device turns out to be a benefit rather than a hindrance. Had the film been developed along straight narrative lines to parallel the original James M. Cain story, the character relations would have been established by the superficials of plot construction, which run as follows: An insurance agent writes a double indemnity policy for the husband of a woman for whom he develops hot blood. They plan to knock off the husband, make his death seem an accident, and then live on the proceeds forever after. They carry out this purpose with airtight thoroughness, and the subsequent section of the story deals with the effects of the act upon their attitudes toward each other.

In the film, the insurance agent is the central character—all others are only tangential to his own thoughts and feelings. Thus by a curious accident in technique, the emphasis of character relations are shifted and what results is a first-rate study of a typical American. This is not to say that the average salesman is filled with homicidal tendencies, but it indicates how Joe Blow, pursuing his moral, if monotonous course from day to day, suddenly becomes the center of a gory crime. As a close friend of the claims adjuster, our agent had always dreamed, parenthetically of course, of the perfect plan to put one over on his friend and the company. When the opportunity presents itself to him, he is more concerned with the challenge it offers than with the enormity of his misdeed. Then too, that evil impulse of life, the desire to get rich in a hurry, contributes its bit to his tragic decision.

His awakening comes after the act. The girl is not only a partner to a crime they share in common: she turns out to be completely immoral, ready to double-cross him at a moment's notice. Her character (in the film) is important only because it makes him realize his own corruption. From that point on, his complete deterioration is a matter of time. He is at heart a decent man, and the high drama results from the depiction of such a man caught in the midst of an irretrievable folly and conscious of his doom.

The good-looking, self assured insurance agent is played just right by Fred MacMurray. The unscrupulous siren is Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson turns in one of the finest permances of his career. He is a magnificent foil to the tragic figure of the agent, concerned only with his record of saving the company money, completely indifferent to the people—honest and otherwise—who present claims. Because of the publicity office's annoying habit of omitting credit for the cameraman, I do not know who is responsible for the photography. It matches the direction, acting, and writing for a job beautifully done.

Not so long ago, the makers of the *This Is America* series did a film dealing with the adventures of a group of naval flyers aboard a flattop during a shakedown cruise. Twentieth Century-Fox has taken liberal sections of this film, diligently combed the newsreels for additional footage, and with the aid of scriptwriter Jerome Cady has put the various ingredients together in a film called *Wing and a Prayer*. The completed dish is fairly palatable—thanks to the documentary shots rather than to the invented parts. As a matter of fact, only the skillful integration of newsreel clip to studio scene makes the latter look at all good.

As fiction, the film deals with the part played by a specific carrier in the Battle of Midway Island. In general it demonstrates the importance of these sea-going air bases to our victories in the Pacific. One such flattop is the center of strategy in the plan to wreck the Jap fleet at Midway. On board are a group of naval airmen who are supposed to bait the trap for the Japanese in a series of misleading maneuvers. Part of these maneuvers consist in running from the Jap planes without a fight, in conducting bombing practice by missing the target, etc. To the audience, which has been taken into the full confidence of the picture makers, such behavior is reasonable and necessary, but to the flyers, who are given no explanation, all is mystification. Some of the men are machine-gunned because they can't fight back. It seems an unnecessary sacrifice, but no one will tell their buddies why it has to be. Bewilderment gives way to dissatisfaction, and this attitude, running gently counter to orders, but never, mind you, getting out of hand, is the matrix of the film.

If this picture proves one thing, it is that the "Theirs Not to Reason Why" school of military thinking should have gone out with Wellington. All the able commanders from Suvorov to Montgomery have demonstrated the importance of the informed soldier in terms of an efficient and victorious army. I do not know the policy of the Navy on

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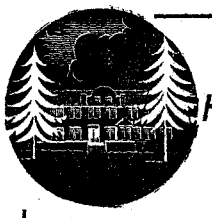

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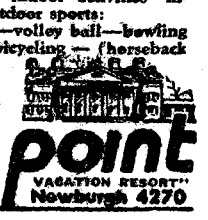

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these matters, but I have in mind the fact that script writers should be hip to modern military thinking, if only to create more believable material, especially when dealing with the most individual men in the services.

Because of the shortcomings of the plot, the treatment is oversentimentalized. The camera dwells on the empty bed of a dead flyer no less than three times. For the same reason the air commander of the carrier is made to behave as no man on land or sea could behave and still get results from his subordinates.

Despite these defects, *Wing and a Prayer* is a film worth seeing. While the battle scenes visually and audibly are no match for the Navy's own *Battle of Midway* or the Army's *Memphis Belle*, they still carry plenty of excitement. Then too the compilation of material dealing with a flattop is full enough to give you an approximate idea of how life is lived throughout its several decks.

The acting and direction are capably handled by Don Ameche, Dana Andrews, William Eythe, sixteen additional actors and Henry Hathaway, and are far superior to their vehicle.

"Arsenic and Old Lace," carrying on its back a number of scenes that are as unfunny as they are new and irrelevant to the original stage play, came noisily to the Strand Theater last week. There is enough of the original madwaggery, naivete, and suspense to survive the appendages that the screen hangs on the plot, so that whether you have seen the original play or not you will enjoy the movie. However, it is surprising that Frank Capra, who generally shows a keen eye for the main line, and the Epstein Brothers, who are among the most skillful of the writing practitioners, should have added so much weed to the original plant. Then too, Cary Grant mugs and squeals his way through the film in a manner to be seen to be believed. It would appear that all concerned in the making of the picture were so carried away by the original farce that they started to play games in the spirit of its characters.

Joseph Foster.

On Broadway

Except for an excellent performance by an all-Negro cast, the American Negro Theater production of *Anna Lucasta* which John Wildberg has brought to the Mansfield might be just another play. Directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble with the assistance of

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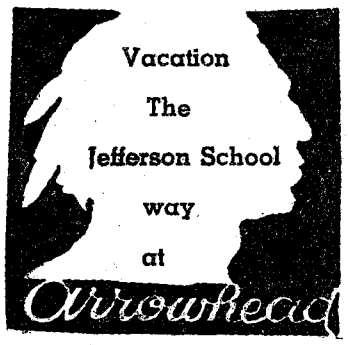

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Walter Thompson Ash, the Phillip Yordan vehicle manages to hold its ancient parts entertainingly together for the first two laps and then like the one-horse shay goes to pieces in the third frame. I could not help but wonder why the American Negro Theater had chosen to breathe its fine collective talent into a story which has not the merit of portraying Negro life nor any compensating significance either of material, artistry, or timeliness.

The best that can be said for this play about a family, half of it honest and half raffish, which plots to marry off the wayward daughter to an unsuspecting stranger, is that like the earlier American Negro Theater production of *Three's a Family*, it offers many good acting parts and once again proves that an all-Negro cast can do as well as any group of white performers for all the latter's accumulated experience on the Broadway stage. Perhaps this evidence requires reiteration. Certainly it would be immensely exciting if a few more Broadway producers recognized its show-values and cast a few of their new plays with Negro actors. We have seen *Macbeth* with colored players, and *The Mikado*, and *Carmen*, and they were enormously successful. Imagine *The Taming of the Shrew* with an all-Negro cast!

But of course what the four-year-old American Negro Theater needs most of all is the cooperation of playwrights who know the Negro people and will write about them. Unless it can add a few genuinely indigenous plays to its repertory, it might as well be any good little theater. And that is all right too, for Harlem needs an organization that will provide its theatrical talent with the acting and production experience so seldom offered by Broadway. But it could be more—and it should be more.

As I have already said, the first two acts of *Anna Lucasta*, in spite of its stamped-out plot, are fairly entertaining. They have a clear story-line, some good characterization, amusing dialogue, a liveliness of presentation. But it is really only the high quality of the performance which saves the play and makes it well worth seeing.

Only five of the Harlem cast of fourteen have come downtown. Among the replacements are Canada Lee and Georgia Burke, neither of them in lead parts but working beautifully in support of a project they believe in. Another newcomer is George Randol, who manages to give depth to the superficially written part of the repressed incestuate who,

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fearing himself, drives his daughter Anna back to the streets. Hilda Simms is the original Anna Lucasta, and though not quite the amazing young actress her friends describe, she is certainly attractive and plays with intensity and full absorption. Earle Hyman, also of the Harlem cast, is natural and believable even when he falls irrevocably in love with and proposes to Anna ten minutes after he meets her. Perhaps the finest performances, possibly because the parts are the best written, are given by two of the oldest members of the American Negro Theater—its founder, Frederick O'Neal—and Alice Childress. O'Neal, a huge block of a man, as the shrewd, brutal brother-in-law who intends to make money out of Anna's marriage plays with subtlety, with amusing changes of direction and keen timing. But it is Alice Childress as the washed-up, hopeless Brooklyn slut who runs away with every scene in which she appears. To watch her in that bit where the bartender, played most competently by Alvin Childress, warns her of hell-fire is to see the most baffling combination of the ludicrous and the tragic in human disintegration.

Yes, it might have been another play, but it could scarcely have been a better performance. But, of course, that is what can be said only too often of many a Broadway hit. HARRY TAYLOR.

Outlook for Greece

(*Continued from page 22*)

ing with the Greek guerrilla army of the ELAS.

It is a matter of guesswork whether the united front of the reactionary forces in Greece will be strong enough to create a civil war even of a short duration. The EAM-ELAS forces are so well organized, both militarily and politically, so deeply conscious of the great historic changes, that no maneuvers or plots can defeat them: The Greek reactionaries cannot hope to prevail in Greece over a people who have challenged three invaders not merely from the mountains but in the city streets in huge demonstrations, facing fearlessly Nazi troops and tanks in addition to the quisling militia. The reactionaries' only hope lies in outside help.

It seems to me, however, that when the people of Greece come on the stage, all political and diplomatic machinations will yield to the logic of realities. Even the British Munichmen will have to acknowledge their defeat in view of the stubbornness of certain fundamental facts of historic magnitude.

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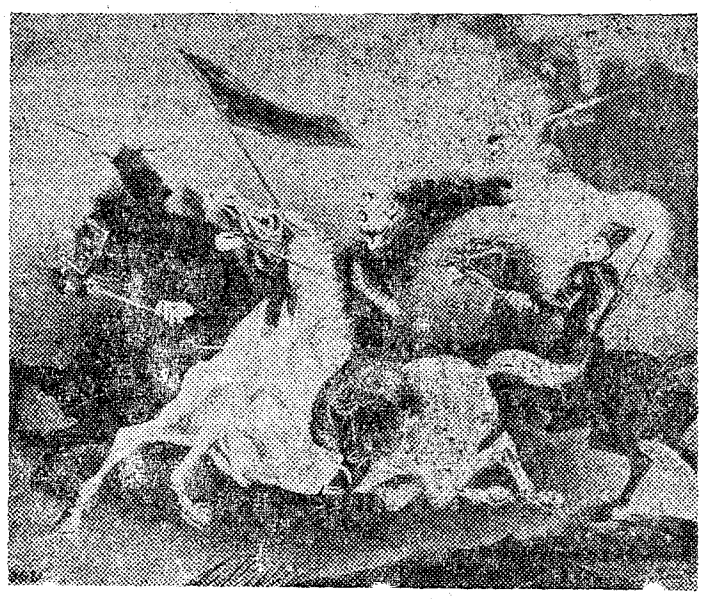

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